LUCKY THE STORK:

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE SILENT FOREST

Serdar ÇALIŞKAN

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THE DEEP SILENCE FOREST

Stork Lucky:”Where am I?”

He whispered to himself, in a voice soft as the rustle of leaves.Surrounded by a thicket of ancient trees in a small clearing, Stork Lucky lay upon the earth, his right wing cradled gently against his head, pondering the same enigma once more.

”Where am I?”

A crimson ant, drawn by the murmur, approached and overheard.

Crimson Ant:”You find yourself in the Deep Silence Forest,” she replied, her tiny voice like a secret carried on the wind.

Stork Lucky:”Deep Silence? Yet on one side, frogs croak their evening songs, crickets chirp their melodies, and a lively stream rushes by... This woodland hardly whispers of profound quietude,” he observed.

Crimson Ant:”You shall understand soon enough,” she assured him.

Stork Lucky:”I scarcely comprehend the trials that have befallen me thus far; how then shall I fathom the deep silence of this forest?” he wondered aloud.

Crimson Ant:”What has befallen you? Pray, share your tale,” she inquired.

Stork Lucky:”Ah, do not ask of my misfortunes,” he sighed.

Crimson Ant:”If I do not inquire, how shall I know of them?” she persisted.

Stork Lucky:”Tis but a manner of speaking—‘Do not ask of my misfortunes,’ they say, and yet proceed to recount them,” he explained.

Crimson Ant:"So, you wish not for me to ask?" she queried.

Stork Lucky:"Nay, dear friend, of course I desire you to inquire," he affirmed.

Crimson Ant:"Then why utter 'Do not ask of my misfortunes'?" she pressed.

Stork Lucky:"I know not. In the lands whence I hail, 'tis a custom to say so before unfolding one's woes. What, pray, should I have said instead?" he asked.

Crimson Ant:"Perhaps, 'Tis well you ask of my troubles; I sought one to whom I might unburden my heart,'" she suggested.

Stork Lucky:"Forgive me, Crimson Ant; we are both victims of form," he lamented.

Crimson Ant:"Victims of form? What mean you?" she wondered.

Stork Lucky:"Form's captives, indeed. Now, fair Crimson Ant, my woe lies in my broken wing, yet you dwell upon the shaping of words," he replied.

Crimson Ant:"Do you blame me?" she asked.

Stork Lucky:"Esteemed one! Moments ago, when you spoke of inquiring into my sorrows, I thought you would lend an ear. Is your intent to savor the grape or to chastise the vintner?" he queried.

Stork Lucky (to himself): "I regretted that question forthwith, for the less one speaks, the better," he murmured inwardly.

Crimson Ant:"Now, what signifies 'savor the grape' or 'chastise the vintner'?" she inquired.

Stork Lucky:"See? You cling to forms and words," he noted.

Crimson Ant:"Aye, I cling to forms, for I watch much television," she confessed.

Stork Lucky:"Indeed, those who gaze upon the screen oft grow tense; a touch of that lingers in you," he observed.

Crimson Ant:"I have become somewhat addicted to television," she admitted.

Stork Lucky:"Then you must summon your will. Your approach was timely," he said.

Crimson Ant:"I was nestled in my home, entranced by the screen, when your voice drew me hither," she explained.

Stork Lucky:"Do sounds reach your abode?" he asked.

Crimson Ant:"Aye, they do," she affirmed.

At that moment...

”Hey there, what transpires yonder?” a voice boomed.

The voice belonged to a purple elephant who lumbered near the stork and the ant.

Stork Lucky:”We converse,” he replied.

Elephant:”From afar, ‘twas unclear if you spoke or quarreled,” he remarked.

Stork Lucky:”What is your name?” he inquired.

Elephant:”Purple Elephant,” he answered.

Stork Lucky:”Would ‘Majesty’ not suit you better?” he suggested.

Elephant:”Aye, let it be Majesty,” he agreed.

Stork Lucky:”Majesty, a question for you: Is the bee mightier, or the elephant?” he posed.

Majesty:”What nonsense! The elephant, of course, surpasses the bee,” he declared.

Stork Lucky (turning his head this way and that): “He who pursues his duty with greater zeal is the mightier,” he proclaimed.

Crimson Ant:”What duty is this?” she asked.

Stork Lucky:”The quest for the treasure of the sunken ship,” he revealed.

Crimson Ant:”What means ‘sunken’? What is a ship?” she queried.

Stork Lucky:”’Sunken’ means the ship’s descent into the depths,” he explained.

Majesty:”While it comes to mind, how wise is it to mingle reality with fantasy?” he pondered.

Stork Lucky:”Fantasy must not eclipse reality, lest reality be wounded,” he advised.

Majesty:”Can you achieve such balance?” he challenged.

Stork Lucky:”Tis exceedingly difficult,” he conceded.

Crimson Ant:”Earlier you asked if the elephant or bee is mightier; thus, this query urges us to reflect upon duty,” she observed.

Stork Lucky:”Behold this wondrous forest; is it not the duty of every creature to safeguard it, to carry its beauties to future generations?” he inquired.

Majesty:"You speak truth; protecting the forest is as vital as planting and nurturing saplings," he agreed.

Crimson Ant:"I have striven, as much as possible, to harm no trees, to preserve nature and the ecosystem," she declared.

Stork Lucky:"Friends, we have lost ourselves in discourse and forgotten my broken wing. I must seek healing for it," he reminded them.

Majesty:"Shall we escort you to the forest hospital?" he offered.

Stork Lucky:"Yet if you carry me, Majesty, I may be jostled; better if birds bear me," he suggested.

Soon, sparrows whisked the stork to the forest hospital.

In the forest hospital, Stork Lucky was placed under care. His room housed a panda and a brave tiger.

Stork Lucky:"May you recover swiftly," he wished.

Panda and Brave Tiger:"And you as well," they echoed.

Panda:"What has befallen you?" he inquired.

Stork Lucky (beginning his tale): "We were preparing for migration, soaring over a grand city. I believe 'twas above a football stadium. Suddenly, a water-filled plastic bottle struck my wing. I flailed, strained myself. With my broken wing, I reached as far as the Deep Silence Forest," he recounted.

At that instant, Doctor Rhinoceros entered.

THE SECRET OF THE LOST SHIP

Doctor Rhinoceros:”Greetings; your condition holds some gravity. Autumn draws near,” he noted.

Stork Lucky:”Aye,” he affirmed.

Panda and Brave Tiger listened attentively to Doctor Rhinoceros.

Doctor Rhinoceros:”Thus, Stork Lucky, we shall send you to the hospital in the warm regions,” he announced.

Stork Lucky:”When?” he asked.

Doctor Rhinoceros:”Tomorrow morn,” he replied.

The doctor departed.

Stork Lucky felt a pang of sorrow. He yearned to unearth the treasure of the sunken ship. The quest must be fulfilled.

Stork Lucky (turning to Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger): “Friends, I shall entrust you with a secret and a mission,” he declared.

Panda Yanda (excitedly): “What secret is this?” he queried.

Brave Tiger (with enthusiasm): “Aye, what secret do you bestow upon us?” he echoed.

Stork Lucky:”Long ago, there sailed the Zemberek Ship. It vanished in the Little Moon Valley,” he revealed.

Panda Yanda:”Whence know you this? Is it a legend?” he wondered.

Stork Lucky:”One day, whilst gathering twigs for my nest, I spied a scrap of paper amid the branches. With care, I extracted it. Lo, ‘twas a treasure map! The Zemberek Ship lies west of the Green River,” he explained.

Brave Tiger:”Then why seek you it not yourself?” he asked.

Stork Lucky:”You heard Doctor Rhinoceros; tomorrow they bear me to the warm forest hospitals. Who knows, perhaps discovering this ship and its treasure shall benefit many. In my state, how can I pursue it?” he lamented.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger pondered awhile.

Evening fell, cool breezes whispered. The sky darkened, stars emerged.

They accepted Stork Lucky’s proposal and took the map. Yet Stork Lucky harbored many dreams. He wished to establish a television channel in the Deep Silence Forest. The task of finding the Zemberek Ship now rested with Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger.

The next morning, hospital attendants bore Stork Lucky away.

The map remained with Brave Tiger.

Brave Tiger (gazing at the map): “The map shall guide us,” he affirmed.

A few weeks later...

Panda Yanda:”We depart the hospital,” he announced.

Brave Tiger:”Panda, this is a hospital, not a prison. One says ‘We are discharged,’ not ‘We depart,’” he corrected.

Panda Yanda:”Good you mentioned it; we were joyous, yet you refine our words like a lathe,” he remarked.

Brave Tiger:”Is it not the essence of friendship to do so?” he queried.

Panda Yanda:”Is friendship’s essence to grieve one’s companion?” he countered.

Brave Tiger:”What grief have I caused you?” he asked.

Panda Yanda:”You amend my words, intrude upon my speech,” he replied.

Brave Tiger:”I strive for healthier communion,” he explained.

Panda Yanda:”Yet our communion frays,” he noted.

Brave Tiger:”Henceforth, our dialogues shall improve, trust me,” he assured.

Panda Yanda:”I hope so,” he replied.

Health attendants entered.

Health Attendants:”Aye, friends, ‘tis time for discharge,” they declared.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger were discharged from the hospital. They set forth toward the Deep Silence Forest. On the path, they encountered Hiss Snake.

Panda Yanda:”Behold, a snake!” he exclaimed.

Hiss Snake:”Whither do you journey?” he inquired.

Brave Tiger:”To the Deep Silence Forest,” he answered.

Panda Yanda (eyeing the snake warily): “Why inquire of our destination?” he asked.

Hiss Snake:”Is this a customs gate, that you question my questions?” he retorted.

Panda Yanda:”Understood; our converse shall prolong. Let us to our path, you to yours,” he suggested.

Hiss Snake:”Is that so?” he queried.

Panda Yanda:”We tread our path already; ‘tis you who block it,” he observed.

Brave Tiger:”Ah, you snakes, how stealthily you approach your prey, awaiting their unguarded moment,” he remarked.

Upon these words, Hiss Snake slithered away. Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger continued their trek.

Panda Yanda:"What portends encountering a snake upon our road?" he pondered.

Brave Tiger:"Did you note the snake's hue?" he asked.

Panda Yanda:"Green," he replied.

Brave Tiger:"Beware not to be deceived by the forest's verdure. Amid green paths lurk harmful beings," he warned.

Panda Yanda:"Aye, we must be vigilant," he agreed.

At that moment, a swallow soared overhead. From its beak, a pearl tumbled toward Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger.

Panda Yanda caught the falling pearl mid-air.

Swallow Sword:"Greetings, I am Swallow Sword. That pearl is mine; may I have it?" she requested.

Panda Yanda:"Of course, 'tis yours. Here," (extending the pearl to Swallow Sword).

Swallow Sword:"For this kindness, I wish to repay with one of my own," she offered.

Brave Tiger:"No need; we seek no recompense for our deeds," he declined.

Swallow Sword:"As you wish," she replied.

Swallow Sword departed.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger walked further when darkness fell and rain poured.

The deluge swelled into floods, sweeping much through the valley. They sought refuge in a cave upon higher ground.Panda Yanda's phone rang.

Panda Yanda: "Hello, hello? Yes, speak."

Stork Lucky: "Tis I. How fares it, Yanda? Dear friend, where art thou?"

Panda Yanda: "In Kenya, at the Kenya Forest Hospital, is it not?"

Stork Lucky: "Aye. How progresses the quest for the Zemberek Ship?"

Panda Yanda: "We shelter in a cave now, Lucky. Might I call thee later?"

Stork Lucky: "Very well, let us speak anon. Farewell."

Brave Tiger: "Lo, Lucky called!"

Panda Yanda: "Indeed."

Brave Tiger: “We must wait a while longer. Night deepens; let us pass it here.”

Panda Yanda: “Agreed.”

As night blankets the world like a vast quilt, so did it enfold Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger in slumber.

The flood wrought great havoc. Such calamities oft stem from imbalances: reckless felling of trees, disruptions to nature’s harmony, wastefulness.

All creatures suffer the consequences. The sole remedy lies in unity, safeguarding nature, ensuring its continuity.

Panda Yanda (upon morning): “If only we had a newspaper to read.”

Brave Tiger: “Newspapers wound our souls and hearts with certain tidings.”

Panda Yanda: “Yet there are glad tidings too.”

Brave Tiger: “Quarrels, torments abound.”

Panda Yanda: “Brave Tiger, why does this age hunger us so?”

Brave Tiger: “Markets brim with all.”

Panda Yanda: “Eyes kindle appetite. Summer fruits in winter, winter’s in summer.”

Brave Tiger: “Is this ill?”

Panda Yanda: “Is it not wisest to partake of the season’s bounty?”

Brave Tiger: “Constant gazing begets endless hunger, leading to excess consumption, acquisition.”

Panda Yanda: “More land, more wealth, more wars.”

Brave Tiger: “Dear one, these are known truths. Speak novelties; herald peace.”

Panda Yanda: “This flood—is it not a fruit of such madness?”

Brave Tiger: “Aye. Frugality and prudence ever prevail.”

Panda Yanda: “If only we could always choose the best.”

Brave Tiger: “In the end, no newspaper graces this cave. Is not everything its own news? Your health is health news, your sport is sport news, your reading culture news. Heavens’ tidings, earth’s, waters’. Your surroundings brim with lessons, if you but read them.”

Panda Yanda: “Our words flow like authors’ prose.”

From the cave’s upper ledge, a monkey leaped in.

Monkey Munmun: “Alas, your plight!”

Panda Yanda: “Impertinent one, what of our plight?”

Monkey Munmun: “You seek the Zemberek?”

Panda Yanda: “You enter without leave?”

Monkey Munmun: “Is this your domain?”

Panda Yanda: “Nay, but courtesy demands a greeting ere addressing us.”

Brave Tiger: “Panda Yanda, his intent is foul.”

Monkey Munmun: “I am Monkey Munmun; I have eavesdropped upon you since last eve.”

Panda Yanda: “Monkey Munmun—what name is this? Even uttering it constricts my heart.”

Monkey Munmun: “That is your affliction. Soon, Yanda, life’s wheel may halt for you.”

Panda Yanda: “Do your ears hear your words?”

Brave Tiger: “Panda Yanda, weary not yourself. Let us depart.”

Monkey Munmun: “Flee if you will; I shall shadow you. I know you seek the Zemberek; you are careless.”

Brave Tiger: “As they say, ‘The ground has ears.’ ‘Tis true. Best to commit our words to paper.”

Panda Yanda: “A tidings for you: heed well. Yesterday we met Hiss Snake.”

Monkey Munmun: “Snake?” (his eyes widened in alarm)

Brave Tiger: “Panda Yanda, let us away.”

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda exited the cave.

Soon, they rested upon a felled pine’s rings in a clearing of fine pines.

Behind them appeared a wolf pack.

Wolfhead: “Greetings, I am Wolfhead.”

Panda Yanda: “What brings a wolf pack here?”

Wolfhead: “Ask not of our woes. Forest fires forced our migration.”

Panda Yanda recalled his dialogue with Brave Tiger on "Ask not of my woes."

Brave Tiger: "Greetings. Floods, fires—what befalls us? The world quakes with tribulations."

Wolfhead: "If humans trod the right path, right things would befall them. These floods, fires bespeak wrongs done."

Brave Tiger: "A keen observation; yet duty falls to us as well."

Wolfhead: "Humans must cease igniting forests."

Panda Yanda: "This stems from ignorance. Quench ignorance's fires, and forest blazes shall cease. We must proclaim the forest's benefits, that others may know."

Wolfhead: "Pray, what benefits hath the forest?"

Panda Yanda: "It soothes the eye. Do not our gazes soften upon green and tree? You behold a tree and think, 'How fine; I shall rest in its shade.' You savor its fruit, hearken to birds in its branches. Trees, like sheep, yield manifold boons."

Wolves: "Aye, we adore sheep."

Panda Yanda: "Trees summon rain. Rain begets grass, grass herds of sheep."

Brave Tiger: "The topic veers astray."

Wolfhead: "In sum, fires compelled our exodus. We wander in search of a home. Farewell."

The wolves bade Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger adieu. From tree branches, Monkey Munmun called.

Monkey Munmun: "Hey, Tiger, Panda! I trail you still."

Panda Yanda: "You again?"

Brave Tiger: "Monkey Munmun, heed my counsel: Speak less, fare better. Else..."

Monkey Munmun: "Else what? Speak on."

Brave Tiger: "Excess words may summon Hiss Snake's ear. You wish not his pursuit, do you?"

Monkey Munmun: "Nay, indeed."

Brave Tiger: "Then wander not, shadow us not, chase folly not, lest you suffer. A camel tumbles from a cliff for a mere tuft of grass."

Monkey Munmun: “How so?”

Brave Tiger: “Greed drives the camel to that edge tuft, courting peril.”

Monkey Munmun: “What means peril?”

Brave Tiger: “Peril... Panda Yanda, he detains us with words, hinders our path.”

Panda Yanda: “Farewell.”

Monkey Munmun: “What means farewell?”

Brave Tiger: “Enough words; henceforth, ‘tis greeting. Farewell.”

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda pressed on.

They encountered a camel upon the way.

Camel Vede: “Hey, you there!”

Panda Yanda: “Speak, Camel Vede.”

Camel Vede: “How came I to this forest?”

Panda Yanda: “I know not.”

Camel Vede: “I marvel at my adventures.”

Brave Tiger: “We all do; we dwell in a gallery of wonders.”

Camel Vede: “A gallery of wonders, indeed?”

Brave Tiger: “Aye.”

Panda Yanda: “You are a benevolent creature, good-hearted. May your destination be fair.”

Camel Vede: “God willing. This forest baffles me.”

Panda Yanda: “You are here now; whither next?”

Camel Vede: “We camels bear burdens. I seek a place to serve, to carry loads.”

Brave Tiger: “Then head south, Vede.”

Camel Vede: “My thanks; which way south?”

Panda Yanda: “That way.”

Camel Vede departed.

Panda Yanda: “Note how all wander, bound for somewhere.”

Brave Tiger: “Aye, each has a destination. From point to point, then onward.”

Panda Yanda: “All things transform. Rock to sand, sea to cloud. So too we.”

Brave Tiger: “To what do we transform?”

Panda Yanda: “What mystery? At journey’s end, transformation awaits. Ours is to be travelers upon the road.”

THE DRAGON THRILL

Brave Tiger: “The world a path, we its wayfarers. How lovely the world, to live, to nurture life.”

Panda Yanda: “Camel Vede, a fine beast.”

Brave Tiger: “I tire; shall we rest?”

Panda Yanda: “Aye.”As they rested, Brave Tiger’s gaze caught a bridge spanning two cliffs.

Brave Tiger: “Panda Yanda, behold the ruined bridge?”

Panda Yanda: “Aye. Must we cross it?”

Brave Tiger: “We must. Why ruined? Let us inspect.”

They approached the bridge.

Panda Yanda (in astonishment): “This footprint colossal! Someone trod upon the bridge.”

Brave Tiger: “Like a dragon’s imprint.”

Panda Yanda: “What seeks a dragon here? Is this not mere tale?”

Brave Tiger: “Tales may hold dragons. Why destroy the bridge?”

Panda Yanda: “We must ask the dragon. Or were the forest fires his doing? Dragons breathe fire, as you know. That too demands inquiry.”

Brave Tiger: “Great labor builds a bridge. Destruction easy, creation arduous.”

Panda Yanda: “True. Repair falls to us.”

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda gathered flood-felled trees and logs, forging a new bridge. Exhausted, they withdrew to rest.

Upon awakening, a dragon loomed before them.

Dragon: “What audacity, rebuilding my demolished bridge?”

Panda Yanda: “Yet we must cross. Have we wings like yours?”

Dragon: “I permit none to the other side.”

Panda Yanda: “Why? Is the world yours?”

Dragon: “It is.”

Panda Yanda: “You deem tyranny strength? You delude yourself.”

Dragon: “I am mighty. Who surpasses me in the forest?”

Panda Yanda: “One does—far smaller than you.”

Dragon: “What is it?”

Panda Yanda (laughing): “A microbe! A disease germ fells you. Ha ha, achoo!”

Panda’s sneeze passed his grippe to the dragon. The dragon sneezed, then collapsed. His body fevered, no flames issued from his maw.

Panda Yanda: “Lo, Dragon Lord ails. Seek we a cure. See? A tiny microbe laid you low.”

The dragon could scarce lift his head. The new bridge too frail to bear him across, and forest beasts offered no aid, many having migrated due to fires. The dragon faced his wickedness alone.

Panda too felt unwell from toil and illness.

Our heroes slumbered from sickness.Upon waking...

Panda Yanda (surveying): “Gone, the dragon.”

Brave Tiger: “The dragon vanished.”

Panda Yanda: “Whither?”

Brave Tiger: “Perhaps he departed, or was borne away. How fare you?”

Panda Yanda: “Better, yet weary. We proceed slowly.”

Brave Tiger: “Strange realm this. Arrivals vanish, sights fade, friend.”

Panda Yanda: “Friend, friend. What befalls all shall befall us. Shall we cross the bridge?”

Brave Tiger: “Aye. We neglect the map. Let me see our position.”

Panda Yanda unfurled the map.

Panda Yanda: “Here we are, at Deep Silence Forest’s threshold. Much road remains.”

Then, a turtle emerged before them.

Turtle Buddy: “If your road is long, mine spans a lifetime.”

Panda Yanda: “What ails you, turtle? You seem sorrowful.”

Turtle Buddy: “First, introductions. I am Turtle Buddy. Aye, my spirit droops; I have no friends.”

Panda Yanda: “None like you?”

Turtle Buddy: “They exist, yet their words wound me.”

Panda Yanda: “Wound not yourself.”

Turtle Buddy: “How not? Even you ask ‘How speak you?’ Is this how one addresses a turtle?”

Panda Yanda: “How then?”

Turtle Buddy: “How not?”

Brave Tiger: “Gentles, halt. I see. You grieve. We listen if you wish. Relate your full woe.”

Turtle Buddy: “Some turtles babble endlessly; God favors not the garrulous. Their words noise, not knowledge.”

Brave Tiger: “Alas, idle talk plagues the tongue. We cannot bid ‘Silence.’ If vexed by prattle, seek elsewhere.”

Turtle Buddy: “I do so. Mere talk for talk’s sake, mere clamor.”

Brave Tiger: “Unjust, indeed.”

Turtle Buddy had more to share but held his tongue.

Brave Tiger: “Shall I offer solace? Complaints ascend to God.”

Turtle Buddy (blinking): “My thanks.”

Turtle Buddy departed.

As Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger sat, Ant First passed by the bushes.

Panda Yanda: “Hey, little ant, converse we a while?”

Ant First: “I am Ant First. Autumn commences today. Final preparations beckon. Come winter, we dwell beneath the earth.”

Panda Yanda: “How wondrous! Some seasons underground, others above.”

Ant First: “Know you, underground holds beauties too. We cultivate mushrooms there.”

Panda Yanda: “I adore mushrooms; long since I tasted one.”

Ant First: “Our tunnels abound below. Through them we travel.”

Brave Tiger: “Call me Brave. You speak of home; how fare you?”

Ant First: “I cherish my home, friends, milieu. Does one not speak of what one loves? As the nightingale sings ever of the rose, expending its breath upon it.”

Brave: “To spend breaths on beauty and good is finest, is it not?”

Ant First: “Work too is wondrous. Above, we seek sustenance, ever roaming.

We ants, though small, act as giants. We ponder, gather, labor. As the Turkish proverb: 'Unity births strength.' Alone tiny, united we surmount hills like mountains, cross streams like rivers."

Panda Yanda: "You possess Ferhat's resolve."

Ant First: "Who is Ferhat?"

Panda Yanda: "Ferhat tunneled a mountain, urging 'Strike, Ferhat; most gone, little remains.' Thus he pierced it, brought water, won his love. So I heard."

Ant First: "Lovely. Work is good. Friends, conversing was pleasant. Permit me to my home."

Brave: "Permission yours."

Ant First departed from Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda.

From the thicket, a donkey emerged and called.

Donkey: "Hey you, dreamers!"

Panda Yanda: "And you?"

Donkey: "A donkey. Does calling myself donkey please you?"

Panda Yanda: "Aye."

Donkey: "I am a donkey."

Panda Yanda: "Why call they you donkey?"

Donkey: "For I am one."

Panda Yanda: "Why are you a donkey?"

Donkey: "For I am one."

Panda Yanda: "Is being donkey ill?"

Donkey: "Nay."

Brave Tiger: "Donkeys famed for stubbornness. 'Stubborn as a donkey,' they say, with disdain."

Donkey: "Stubborn I am, true. What do you?"

Panda Yanda: "Though dreamlike, we embarked on a tale, unfinished. What adventures await, we know not. We converse with beasts we meet."

Donkey: "Converse less, journey more."

Panda Yanda: "Yet you engage us in talk."

Donkey: “You speak. Shall I shun beasts too?”

Panda Yanda: “Do as you will.”

Donkey: “You query much. Journalists?”

Panda Yanda: “Nay, but is questioning crime?”

Donkey: “Nay. Why came I here? I depart.”

Panda Yanda: “Safe travels, donkey.”

Donkey: “If ‘donkey’ pleases, repeat it. Donkey, donkey, donkey. There—you are that. Shame you not to demean a donkey?”

Panda Yanda: “I shame.”

Donkey: “Why do it then?”

Panda Yanda: “Forgive me.”

Donkey: “Demean no donkey more.”

Panda Yanda: “Agreed, Sir Donkey. Farewell.”

Donkey: “Farewell.”

The donkey left.

Brave Tiger: “Truth be told, you demeaned the donkey. Have you no sense?”

Panda Yanda: “I have.”

Brave Tiger: “Why break a beast’s heart?”

Panda Yanda: “Unwittingly; forgive.”

Brave Tiger: “Our paths diverge.”

Panda Yanda: “Is a donkey’s heart so dear to you?”

Brave Tiger: “Dear to me is any creature’s wounded sentiment.”

Panda Yanda: “Now you wound me.”

Brave Tiger: “Let us avoid debate. Entrust the map to another.”

Panda Yanda: “Are you earnest?”

Brave Tiger: “Aye. Panda, cleanse your heart. Today the donkey, tomorrow me.”

Panda Yanda: “You speak true; we forfeit merit. Let me speak with the donkey again.”

Brave Tiger: “Speak, but the donkey forgets not your slight. Alas.”

Panda Yanda: “No remedy?”

Brave Tiger: “Some acts best undone. In this state, you serve as lesson to others. Words suffice not; that I convey. Deliver the map.”

Panda Yanda: “To whom?”

Brave Tiger: “We must find one, or some.”

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger stood stunned.

Meanwhile, a phone rang amid the trees.

Panda Yanda answered; ‘twas Stork Lucky.

Stork Lucky: “Hello, Panda Yanda?”

Panda Yanda: “Aye.”

Stork Lucky: “How fare you?”

Panda Yanda: “Striving for well.”

Stork Lucky: “Well? Your voice pensive.”

Panda Yanda: “Aye.”

Stork Lucky: “What happened? Tell me.”

Panda Yanda recounted events. Then Stork Lucky spoke with Brave Tiger.

Stork Lucky: “Must we not finish begun tasks? You said so. Yet you falter.”

Brave Tiger: “Ah, you know not how I yearn to complete it.”

Stork Lucky: “Why? I too desire to finish begun, even meaningless.”

Brave Tiger: “Then imbue it with meaning. What gain from finding the Zemberek?”

Stork Lucky: “For gain alone?”

Panda Yanda: “Halt; your talk turns philosophical. My mind whirls.”

Brave Tiger: “Grant us time; we call anon.”

Stork Lucky: “Agreed; await your news.”

Brave Tiger: “News, ever news with you.”

STORK LUCKY'S JOURNEY

The doctor entered Stork Lucky's chamber.

Doctor: "Tidings, Lucky?"

Stork Lucky: "Well, Doctor."

Doctor: "We discharge you, God willing."

Stork Lucky: "Truly? I awaited news from the door."

Doctor: "I am the news, the tidings."

Stork Lucky: "Hospital days drag."

Doctor: "Why?"

Stork Lucky: "I accomplished naught."

Doctor: "What would you?"

Stork Lucky: "Beneficent deeds."

Doctor: "What are beneficent deeds, Lucky?"

Stork Lucky: "You perform one."

Doctor: "Hmm. Aye, doctoring fine. Aiding patients, healing lovely."

Stork Lucky: "I do naught."

Doctor: "What desire you?"

Stork Lucky: "A bridge."

Doctor: "What manner of bridge?"

Stork Lucky: "Figure of speech. Know you not my wish?"

Doctor: "You seek self-betterment."

Stork Lucky: "I feel inept."

Doctor: "Something grieves you, methinks."

Stork Lucky: "Aye."

Doctor: "What? Share if you will."

Stork Lucky: "Somewhat secret."

Doctor: "If secret, 'tis leaked a bit."

Stork Lucky: “True. I spoke by phone. That grieves me.”

Doctor: “Grieve not. Much merits grief.”

Stork Lucky: “Very well, I grieve not.”

The doctor exited.

Doctor: “Nurse, administer a sedative to Stork Lucky.”

Nurse: “Aye, Doctor.”

The nurse entered Stork Lucky’s room.

Nurse: “Lucky, a sedative injection.”

Stork Lucky: “What? Sedative? I am calm.”

Nurse: “You are not; tense.”

Stork Lucky: “Do you seek to tense me?”

Nurse: “Nay, ere tension rises, the injection.”

Stork Lucky: “Agreed.”

Post-injection, Lucky lay faint upon the bed.

The call with Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda had grieved him. Wings spread, he closed his eyes.

A scream echoed in the hospital. Patients gazed at the dragon from windows. The dragon clung to hospital walls.

Dragon: “Where is he?” he roared.

The dragon peered into upper windows, clawing some rooms asunder.

Doctor (calling from a window): “Halt, halt!”

The dragon fixed sharp eyes on the doctor.

Doctor: “Whom seek you? Tell, I aid.”

Dragon: “A broken-winged stork.”

Doctor: “Stork? Stork Lucky?”

Dragon: “Aye, Stork Lucky.”

Fearing harm to others, the doctor pointed.

Doctor: “Lucky third floor, that room.”

The dragon swiftly seized faint Lucky and winged away. Cold winds roused Lucky.

Stork Lucky: “Where am I?”

Opening eyes, Lucky beheld the world inverted, clutched in the dragon’s claws.

Dragon (noting Lucky’s stir): “To New York you go, friend.”

Stork Lucky: “New York? Why?”

Dragon: “What woes you wrought! Cross this ocean, I release you there. All breathe easy.”

Stork Lucky: “What harm did I to you? To any?”

Dragon: “Ponder that in New York.”

Upon New York, the dragon placed Lucky in a taxicab’s back seat. The driver trembled.

Dragon: “Sir, ten dollars. Deliver this broken-winged stork to Central Park. Farewell.”

Stork Lucky: “Lord, what have I done?”

As the dragon winged off, the driver bore Lucky to Central Park.

Stork Lucky (gazing from window): Tall buildings rose, people thronged.

At Central Park.

Taxi Driver: “Journey ends. What you did to that dragon, I know not; but the world is odd. Each has a curious tale. Be it Istanbul or Damascus, woes befall in this world.”

Lucky reluctantly alighted.

“Must evade humans,” he thought.

Stork Lucky: “They shan’t leave me thus.”

He attempted flight but failed.

He hid amid trees.

A dog approached.

Look Look: (gazing at Lucky) “Hello stork, I am Look Look.”

Stork Lucky: “Odd name, Look.”

Look: “Yours?”

Stork Lucky: “Lucky.”

Look Look: “Lucky, odd too.”

Stork Lucky: “Odd? Our lives wondrous. Can you find me hiding?”

Look Look: “Gladly.”

Look Look found Lucky a hideaway and departed.

Stork Lucky: “Look, wait, depart not!”

Look Look bounded back.

Look Look: “What?”

Stork Lucky: “Tales to tell you.”

Look Look: “I listen.”

Stork Lucky briefly recounted his adventures.

Stork Lucky: “Thus.”Distant calls of Look Look’s owners sounded.

Look Look: “Masters call; I must. Hope we meet again. Thanks for all.”

Look Look barked away. Stork Lucky lifted his head from trees, seeing an owl gazing.

Owl Bay Bay: “Forgive; I overheard unwittingly.”

Stork Lucky: “Heard our words?”

Owl Bay Bay: “Aye, unavoidable. Ponder you why the dragon brought you here?”

Stork Lucky: “I wish to confide; yet speak not.”

Owl Bay Bay: “A kindness from me: Lie not upon ground.”

Stork Lucky: “Why?”

Owl Bay Bay: “Why perch I in tree? Cities teem with rats.”

Stork Lucky: “Truly?”

Owl Bay Bay: “Aye. Field owls hunt rats in fields, city owls here.”

Stork Lucky: “Whither go I?”

Owl Bay Bay: “Yonder tree with low trunk; climb its branch. Safer.”

Stork Lucky: “Thanks.”

Lucky climbed the branch, higher now. Cars passed on streets; he viewed televisions in shop windows. Gazing at skyscraper lights, he wearied and slumbered.

A kind soul covered him—Squirrel White, park dweller. Lucky passed the night warm.

Dawn brought Squirrel White to Lucky’s side.

Squirrel White: “Hello Lucky, food I bring. I am Squirrel White.”

Stork Lucky: “Hello. Thanks. Kind souls like you buoy my spirits, yet sorrow lingers.”

Squirrel White: “Why?”

Stork Lucky: “Far from Turkey.”

Squirrel White: “Why here?”

Stork Lucky: “A dragon bore me.”

Squirrel White: “Dragon? Why here?”

Stork Lucky: “Likely to thwart Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger finding the Zemberek. He covets the ship.”

Squirrel White: “Relate the tale from beginning.”

Stork Lucky: “Each I tell departs soon. Hope you stay.”

Squirrel White: “I remain.”

As Stork Lucky recounted his odyssey to Squirrel White, he mused: He must heal swiftly, rejoin Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger.

Squirrel White: “New York suits you not, Lucky. Tall buildings abound. Best for you: mountains, stones, rivers.”

Stork Lucky: “Aye, but how depart?”

Squirrel White: “I can guide to harbor. Board a ship. Via Europe to Turkey.”

Stork Lucky: “Worth trial. A dream I recall, White; I wish to share.”

Squirrel White: “Good omen, pray. What saw you?”

Stork Lucky: “I ascended from castle depths. In sky, invisible plane trailed foam bubbles.”

Squirrel White: “I have a dream dictionary; let me consult.”

White scanned the contents for “plane,” finding naught.

Stork Lucky: “Sky’s blue soothes. Shall we finish begun?”

Squirrel White: “Daily a portion completes the task. Not mere completion, but meaningful. A painter held an exhibit. Great effort, yet loss. Viewers passed like trains by town. God guard from vain labors. We have minds; consult them in deeds.”

Stork Lucky: “True. How is New York?”

Squirrel White: “You speak truth. New York: many people, many buildings. Cities where diverse folk meet, live in peace despite hues.”

Stork Lucky: “Transport, communication shrink the world, they say. Planes hasten arrivals, phones swift links.”

Look Look arrived.

Look Look: “Morning, Lucky. How fare?”

Stork Lucky: “Look comes. Morning, Look. Well; you?”

Look Look: “Night I pondered you. Seemed you needed talk.”

Stork Lucky: “Aye, with you. Yesterday, my friends’ rift grieved me.”

Squirrel White: “Such events reveal selves. Both discern errors. Conscience guides all to right path. Sun and moon distant, trees spaced. Communication needs proper distance, neither excess nor neglect.”

Look Look: “Hope your friends mend. Talk shall acquaint them better; but finest is good conduct, solving all.”

Stork Lucky: “Well spoken. Another matter.”

Look Look: “What?”

Stork Lucky: “The ‘I’ matter. Hard. Turn ‘I’s to ‘we,’ our world, our neighborhood—then humanity eases in world.”

Look Look: “Well, friends, I must. Meet again, God willing.”

Air chilled. Green leaves, stout trunks comforted. Day brightened, warming.

Stork Lucky: “An anecdote for you.”

Squirrel White: “I listen.”

Stork Lucky: "One day, around two or three hundred storks, we were flying over the Türkoğlu district. Below, we saw a place with small rooms, but open on top. There were tall poles with lights. People were walking inside these

open rooms. Suddenly, a man excitedly started looking at us and called his friend. Both of them gazed at us in admiration. The man said, 'How beautifully they fly, all together.' Our flying in unison really impressed him. One of our stork friends had lagged far behind. It was his fault for falling behind. So he increased his speed a bit, tucked his wings, and caught up to us. 'The one who separates from the flock gets caught by the wolf, White.' Being together, flying as one, is a beautiful thing. The man used to look at storks when he was a child. He would say, 'Stork stork in the air, its egg in the pan'; but he never ate a stork egg."

Squirrel White: "Good thing he didn't eat a stork egg."

Stork Lucky: "Anyway, the stork population is decreasing."

Squirrel White: "You're right. People should eat chicken eggs. Ostrich eggs are fine too. One ostrich egg equals twenty chicken eggs. By the way, there are also quail eggs. Some people eat quail eggs with the shell."

Stork Lucky: "With the shell?"

Squirrel White: "Yes."

Lucky felt sleepy. He slightly closed his eyes.

Squirrel White: "What happened? What are you thinking?"

Stork Lucky: "I rested a bit."

Soon after, Look Look arrived.

Look Look: "Hey friends, I found a dollar on the ground."

HUMAN WORLD

Stork Lucky: "Quickly put it back where you found it."

Look Look immediately put the dollar back where he found it.

Look Look: "What happened, Lucky? Why did you get so excited?"

Stork Lucky: "In Turkey, sometimes at weddings, they throw dollars in the air."

Look Look: "Really? Is there a lot of money there?"

Stork Lucky: "Not because of abundance of money. Throwing dollars at weddings has meanings. Like 'This is money, just dust under your feet. What is money anyway?'"

Look Look: "What does that have to do with me?"

Stork Lucky: "From your perspective: Don't take what you didn't put down yourself in life. Don't touch things that belong to others so you can live in peace."

Look Look: "You're right."

The police approached Lucky and White.

Police: "Hey you, what are you doing?"

Stork Lucky: "We're talking to each other."

Police: "Is something wrong with your wing?"

Stork Lucky: "My wing is broken."

Police: "Let's take you to the animal treatment center."

Stork Lucky: "Then what?"

Police: "Then you'll heal."

Stork Lucky: "Inshallah I heal, but what if they take me to the zoo?"

Police: "I don't know that, we'd have to ask. You don't want to go to the zoo, I understand."

Stork Lucky: "Yes, life in a cage is hard. When there's nature."

Police: "Yes, they also release to nature. It's the preference of those in the animal care center. Do they act according to my preferences? I don't know. What do you think? Wait for your wings to heal or return to Turkey?"

Stork Lucky: "Return to Turkey. America has wider lands; but I'm used to Turkey. I love Turkey. I loved its fields, its vineyards, its plains. There are also very tall buildings in America. For height, I want to see mountains."

Police: "But this park is an area everyone uses. If you're going to stay here, I'll register you."

Stork Lucky: "Register?"

Police: "Yes, without registration, without numerical data, it would be chaotic with so many."

Stork Lucky: "Okay, register me."

Police: "What's your name? The vehicle you arrived with."

Stork Lucky: "Lucky. The vehicle I arrived with: Dragon."

Police: "Dragon? Is there a vehicle called dragon?"

Stork Lucky: "A dragon brought me to this country."

Police: "Where is this dragon?"

At that moment, a voice was heard from behind:

"Right behind you."

When the police turned back, the dragon had extended its head.

Police: "Stop, don't move! In the name of the law!"

Dragon: "Law? In the name of the law?"

Police: "Yes."

Dragon: "Where I am, my law applies."

As the dragon said this, zoo staff shot tranquilizer darts at the dragon. The dragon was sedated.Meanwhile.

Police: "Traveling by ship affects you a lot. Isn't traveling by plane better?"

Stork Lucky: "Sure."

Police: "Come on, hop in the car, we'll drop you at the airport."

Squirrel White: "Maybe I'll stay in the park. Safe travels..."

Stork Lucky: "White. Thank you for everything. Say hi to Look."

Lucky got into the police car, they headed to the airport.

Police: "Lucky, if a movie was made about you, what would you want to say?"

Stork Lucky: "Make yourselves loved by your Creator."

The police car was heading to the airport. The police officer was driving, Lucky was in the back seat because of his wings. When Lucky looked out the back window of the car, he saw the dragon.

Stork Lucky: "Officer, the dragon is behind us!"

The police officer turned on the sirens and accelerated. A chase began on the highway. The dragon was flapping its wings, making move after move.

Stork Lucky: "Officer, this won't work. The best is to talk. Even in wars, they talk to the enemy and sign peace treaties. The best is peace."

Police Officer: "Okay, I'm stopping the car."

The dragon approached the police car with heavy steps. Lucky opened the back door of the car and got out.

Stork Lucky: "What do you want?"

Dragon: "The map."

Stork Lucky: "The map is not with me."

Dragon: "Who has the map?"

Stork Lucky: "I gave the map to Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda at the hospital. Their relationship soured too. I don't know what their situation is now. I'm looking for them too."

Dragon: "Really?"

Stork Lucky: "Yes."

The dragon narrowed its eyes and suddenly took off, flying east.

Police Officer: "Lucky, get in the car if you want, let traffic return to normal."

Lucky got in the car.

Police Officer: "Lucky, if you're available, I want to talk to you."

Stork Lucky: "Sure."

Police Officer: "Do you want coffee?"

Stork Lucky: "Is there mineral water?"

Police Officer: "You want mineral water?"

Stork Lucky: "Yes."

Stork Lucky: "Is there lemon water?"

Police Officer: "Plain. We can squeeze lemon on it if you want."

Stork Lucky: "Okay."

Police Officer: "Let's sit over there."

The police car stopped in front of a restaurant-cafe. They sat by the window.

Police Officer: "Lucky, we've come all this way, you didn't even ask my name."

Stork Lucky: "I'm so sorry, out of absentmindedness."

Police Officer: "Really?"

Stork Lucky: "Yes."

The police officer fell silent.

Stork Lucky: "What is your name? he was saying."

Police Officer: "Thomas."

Stork Lucky: "Why is your name Thomas?"

Police Officer Thomas: "In our country, because of a historical figure named Thomas Jefferson, my father named me Thomas."

Stork Lucky: "You seem a bit troubled."

Police Officer Thomas: "Yes, Lucky. I have a trouble, more than one trouble."

Stork Lucky: "What is it?"

Police Officer Thomas: "America is very crowded, people everywhere; but I'm alone. I have no friends."

Stork Lucky: "Okay, think the opposite? Is it more important for someone to be your friend, or for you to be someone's friend?"

Police Officer Thomas: "For me to be someone's friend."

Stork Lucky: "Another trouble?"

Police Officer Thomas: "I live life without purpose. I can't add meaning to my life."

Stork Lucky: "Add meaning to your life. Know the value of what you have, share what you have, help those in need."

Police Officer Thomas: "Who are the needy?"

Stork Lucky: "Don't you watch TV? In Africa, there is need for water wells, hospitals. There are many people in the world in need of education. There are many people in prisons whom no one asks about. Visit the sick, hold the hands of the youth, make children happy. Then you'll see your life gain meaning."

Police Officer Thomas: "You're speaking the truth."

Stork Lucky: "Life is beautiful when holding someone's hand, beautiful when chatting with a person."

Police Officer Thomas: "May your mouth taste sugar syrup. How beautifully you spoke. Look at the one who makes you say it, not the one who says it."

Stork Lucky: "Officer, look? I think there's a robbery in that shop."

When Thomas looked at the shop, there really was a robbery. A person wearing a mask was holding a bag for the cashier to fill with money. Thomas approached the shop, called on his radio.

Police Officer Thomas: "Hey you! Hands up! In the name of the law, drop your weapon!"

Robber: "(Had a short panic, dropped the bag) Okay, okay! I'm surrendering!"

Thomas caught the robber and handed him to the arriving police officers. Thomas went back to where he was sitting with Lucky.

Stork Lucky: "Get well soon."

Police Officer Thomas: "Thanks, Lucky."

Stork Lucky: "No problem."

Police Officer Thomas: "I worked for years, struggled, this is how far it got. There was a saying, I forgot. About fate. 'As much as it is, if not, fate'"

Stork Lucky: "Did you do your best?"

Police Officer Thomas: "I did."

Stork Lucky: "Don't interfere with the rest."

Stork Lucky: "Okay."

Police Officer Thomas: "Anyway, the plane will take off soon. I got you a seat. Safe travels."

Stork Lucky: "I want to talk more with you."

Police Officer Thomas: "Talk."

Stork Lucky: "Our life is very short. Sometimes we deal with empty things. Be selective, abandon empty things. Knowing the truth and doing it are separate. One is knowledge, one requires will. You need to give the will its due."

Flight TK 147 announcement came for passengers. Thomas took Lucky to the gate, they said goodbye there. After Thomas went out and got in his car, the plane had taken off, flying in the sky.

After the plane left, Thomas called his wife Barbara.

Police Officer Thomas: "Barbara, can you research the Zemberek Ship?"

Barbara: "Okay. Just now in the news, a subtitle passed. The president of one of the North African countries died."

Police Officer Thomas: "You reminded me of death. I'm coming home."

Barbara: "Okay."After a while, Thomas arrived home.

Police Officer Thomas: "Barbara, I have things to tell you."

Barbara: "What?"

Police Officer Thomas: "I just met a stork. It's imagination world, anything can happen. You can meet anyone."

Barbara: "A stork?"

Police Officer Thomas: "He was searching for the Zemberek Ship."

Barbara: "What's special about this ship?"

Police Officer Thomas: "I don't know. The stork went to Turkey."

Barbara: "Why are you researching it?"

Police Officer Thomas: "I want to go to Turkey after him to help him."

Barbara: "There are many Turks in Turkey. They will help the stork."

Police Officer Thomas: "We could be Turks too."

Barbara: "How so?"

Thomas: "When America was founded, Turks might have come here too."

Barbara: "Darling, the topic is diverging. Now, do you want to go to Turkey after the stork?"

Police Officer Thomas: "Yes."

Barbara: "What about us? The children?"

Police Officer Thomas: "You're right, I can't leave you."

Barbara: "There's an adventure seeking inside a person. Many treasure hunters wasted away. Didn't some gold seekers drown in wells? They say 'digging your own grave'."

Police Officer Thomas: "You're right."

Barbara: "Thomas, what do you want to do? We need you, the children need you."

Police Officer Thomas: "Shall we go to Istanbul together?"

Barbara: "Look, that's possible. You need to think about us too. Last year an elderly couple went to Istanbul. They say 'Istanbul is beautiful, very beautiful'."

Police Officer Thomas: "Then shall we go to Istanbul together?"

Thomas was silent for a bit. Thomas was about to speak when Barbara interrupted.

Barbara: "Are you going to speak just to speak?"

Police Officer Thomas: "No."

Barbara: "When a car is broken, it makes extra noise. There's a fault in you."

Police Officer Thomas: "You women understand your husbands so well. Being close is not like being far. Things close affect you. The sun is far but

affects us."

Barbara: "Yes."

Police Officer Thomas: "What in the universe doesn't affect us humans? We see the consequences of what we do. With our intentions and behaviors. That's why, Barbara, I'm suffering now from the reflections of mistakes in childhood, youth."

Barbara: "So the legal process started in old age."

Thomas: "Exactly. The judgment of youth period, the court process happens in maturity. In old age, you either condemn yourself or regret that you could have done more."

Barbara: "Anyway, some of your analyses are correct, some vary by person."

Thomas: "I knew someone who didn't like the word 'anyway'. He started using it too."

Barbara: "Thomas, what bothers you?"

Thomas: "That's not what bothers me; but I want to share something with you. While looking out this window just now, I saw three sparrows. They came together, left together. That's a beautiful thing. The birds are united."

Thomas was gloomy.

Barbara: "Thomas, if you want, let's not talk just to talk. Read something, you love reading."

Police Officer Thomas: "Okay. But don't forget, I need help. This help is something I can only do for myself, so I'm silent. We all have to resolve some issues in our inner world. This can only happen with God's help, by seeking refuge in Him."

Thomas looked at a stamp between his notebooks. He saw the picture of a bitter melon on the stamp. For the first time, he saw the bitter melon, which is from the cucurbit family, with its Latin name written. How interesting it was. The peel was green, the inside red. It had a very beautiful flower. Looking at the picture, he agreed with Barbara. Seeing a beautiful picture relaxed him. Perhaps he needed beautiful people too. Thomas had everything: a big house, a good wife, a new car, virtuous children; but a friend?

Barbara: "(Looked at her husband) God is enough. You need to worship. For one who is truly a servant to God, troubles are medicine."

Thomas thought about his wife's words. He decided to lie down, rest, think. Thomas started thinking to himself.

Police Officer Thomas: "(To himself) Would you understand if I told you, Barbara? You said a true word. There is someone who understands and knows me. What a magnificent truth this universe is. One day it will scatter like beads on a string. There will be a second creation. One of the proofs: Spring after winter revived thousands of times, trees and flowers in spring..."

Announcement came from the police radio.

Radio: "There is a demonstration of anti-vaxxers on the main avenue in the city center."

Thomas said goodbye to his wife and went to the demonstration of those against the vaccine produced against COVID-19.

A large group had gathered. They were carrying banners and signs criticizing pharmaceutical companies.

Thomas remembered a woman around thirty-five who died from the virus recently. She had waited for her husband for a long time, when her husband was released, she passed away shortly after. He thought about these. His eyes were on the anti-vaccine protesters. His mind was like the world: Past, future, times, death, life, everything intertwined. The world was like a mysterious box.

ZEMBEREK

Meanwhile, Barbara was at home. Barbara sat in front of the screen to research Zemberek but couldn't find information about Zemberek despite all her searches.

While scanning related to Turkey, she came across videos about Istanbul. She looked at Istanbul from the Bosphorus filling the entire screen. Seagull cries were heard from the Bosphorus. On the opposite shore, Hagia Sophia, Blue Mosque were visible, Topkapi Palace was in greenery. At that moment, she listened to the adhan read from the mosques.

Panda Yanda: "What did I do? Breaking a heart is a very bad thing."

Brave Tiger: "Thank God you understood. You did something irreparable. Unfortunately, the rest of life is not there. Meaning, you won't live the same life again. So Panda, you should take your steps carefully. You should hit with

the second arrow. Evaluate every day as one chance, last chance. Who came, who passed from this realm. You and I will go too. We should live a life remembered with good, not curse. What you did has an owner of the heart, the one you made love has an owner of the heart."

Barbara called Police Officer Thomas.

Barbara: "Thomas, I couldn't find information about Zemberek on the computer."

Police Officer Thomas: "Really? We're at a demonstration right now. Can I call you later?"

Barbara: "Okay. I know you want to talk. Darling, I would listen to you but I need to gather myself inside."

Police Officer Thomas: "I can't gather at all. Many things in the world are destroyed. I'm going through heavy depression."

" No to vaccine! No to pharmaceutical companies! Stop vaccine campaigns!"

Barbara was listening to the slogans of the anti-vaccine demonstrators from the phone.

Barbara: "Thomas, I love you. Let's talk when you leave there."

Police Officer Thomas: "Okay, Barbara. I love you too."

Both hung up the phone.

Chief Inspector: "Friends, we'll stay here a bit longer," he said.

Police Officer Thomas: "(To himself) I don't understand. Many people die because they didn't get vaccinated. Don't we need to protect against diseases, against coronavirus? Just recently in a documentary, even the man filming monkeys was wearing a mask. The cameraman was cautious even though he wasn't a carrier. What do these demonstrations solve? Why this anger? Why these explosions, shouts? The addressees of the demonstrators are not even here. We police always end up as wave breakers. We block people's stresses, we who collapse early because of these tensions. Or is this emotional trauma from the profession? Questions in my mind, questions... When will this chatter stop?" he thought.

Chief Inspector: "I talked to the leaders of the demonstrators. You made a press statement too. Can you disperse now? There are traffic jams," he said.

Radio: "A vehicle is being followed on Madison Boulevard," announcement made.

Could Thomas build something in place of the destructions in his inner world?

Barbara: "Thomas, New York is a big city. The mistakes you've made in life have caused blockage in you. If you want, let's think about this Istanbul trip," she said.

Police Officer Thomas: "Maybe going to Istanbul will cause a second spring in me. What do you say, maybe we'll meet Lucky too. We'll help Stork Lucky," he said.

Barbara: "Darling, forget Stork Lucky now. Who knows where he is now?" she said.

Police Officer Thomas: "There is no such thing as coincidence. Maybe these troubles in me will be solved by helping him. You said 'blockage happened in me'. Who knows, the lock in my inner world will open by helping Stork Lucky. An event we experience will open it. Helping Stork Lucky will serve as a key," he said.

Barbara: "Okay, let's leave this topic. Let's complete our travel plan. How many days do you think is appropriate?" she said.

Police Officer Thomas: "Eleven days. The first and last days will be spent on the road. Seven days is enough to explore the city. The remaining two days for flexibility in our travel plan," he said.

Barbara: "Okay," she said.

Police Officer Thomas: "Yes. If you want, let's look online for places to visit," he said.

Barbara: "Okay. Are you okay?" she asked.

Thomas said "I'm okay" and sat at the computer. They projected the images to the wall via television anyway.

Police Officer Thomas: "Barbara, did you notice the images? How many places of worship there are. So the city people give importance to servitude to God. The most important purpose of life is seen as worship," he said.

Barbara: "Yes, you're right. Then let's focus on visiting places of worship in our trip," she said.

Police Officer Thomas: "Okay," he said.

At that moment, the children came from school. These were David and Mary.

David: "Dad, dad! Do you know what happened at school today?" he asked.

Police Officer Thomas: "I don't know. What happened?" he said.

David got excited, started telling hurriedly.

David: "Today the teacher did the color-changing carnation experiment. When we put a white carnation in red ink, the carnation's color turned from white to red," he said.

Police Officer Thomas: "Really?" he asked.

David: "Yes," he said.

Barbara: "So what we drink is important for us. We need to be careful with the water and drinks we use. If an ink makes this color change in a carnation, what changes do the drinks people drink make in our bodies, in our spiritual world. God knows," she said.

Mom and dad told the children about the Istanbul trip. The children were very happy to go on a trip.

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda had been left in the forest. Brave Tiger raised his head to the right, to the sky.

Brave Tiger: "Did you see that in the sky, Panda Yanda?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "I didn't see," he answered.

Panda Yanda looked at the blue sky.A dragon was circling in the sky.

Panda Yanda: "The dragon is probably looking for us. More than us, it wants to find the map. The dragon wants to find the treasure from the map, gold and jewels after the treasure," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Your analyses are good, but what should we do now? Don't we need to take precautions while the calamity approaches? There is no intelligence like precaution. Let's head to the forest. Tree leaves will be a curtain between us and the dragon," he said.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger started heading deeper into the Deep Silence Forest. Meanwhile, there was a shadow following them from behind. This shadow quickly passed over the tree branches above Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger.

After quite some time...

Panda Yanda: "I'm tired, shall we rest?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "Okay," he said.

They sat on the grass in a small area between tree branches.

They had closed their eyes when they heard strange sounds like "u-u, a-a!".

When they opened their eyelids, they saw monkeys hopping and jumping on the tree branches above.

The monkeys were mocking Panda Yanda, teasing him.

Panda Yanda: "Shut up!" he shouted.

Despite Panda Yanda saying "shut up", the monkeys didn't stop teasing.

Monkey Munmun had followed Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger like a shadow, came to the monkeys and provoked them against Panda Yanda.

Panda Yanda: "Why are they trying to anger me?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "In life, you find what you do. Because you belittled the donkey, now you're being mocked even more. You reap what you sow. This world is like that. If a stone trips your foot while walking, think: 'What did I do to whom?'" he said.

Panda Yanda: "I'm paying the price for what I did. I'm regretful," he said.

Brave Tiger looked at the monkeys on the tree branches and called out.

Brave Tiger: "Hey Monkey Munmun and friends! Enough! Look, there's a dragon above us. With one fire, it will turn us all to ashes. Stop this mischief," he called.

The monkeys didn't listen to advice. They continued jumping and playing. Their movements on the tree branches also attracted the attention of the dragon circling above.

The dragon came towards the forest, breathing flames from its mouth. Some monkeys caught fire from the fire from the dragon's mouth. The burning monkeys threw themselves into water but part of their bodies were burned. Smoke was rising from their heads.The dragon landed quickly on the ground.

In front of it was Brave Tiger. Brave Tiger and the dragon locked eyes.Brave Tiger tried to pounce on the dragon and make a move.When the dragon was about to breathe fire from its mouth, Brave Tiger leaped towards it and they collided. Brave Tiger was severely injured, fell into the nearby stream. He was drifting injured in the water.

(Panda Yanda, seeing Brave Tiger fall into the water)

Panda Yanda: "Brave Tiger!" he shouted.

The dragon's gaze turned to him.

Dragon (With sharp eyes looking at Panda Yanda): "Give the map!"

Panda Yanda started running. A little ahead, he saw a cave. The dragon was destroying trees chasing Panda Yanda. When Panda Yanda reached the cave, there was the fire-breathing dragon behind him.

The dragon couldn't enter the cave. At the mouth of the cave, it breathed fire inside. Since Panda Yanda was in the deeper parts of the cave, he wasn't affected by the flames. Because the flames illuminated inside, Panda Yanda saw a tunnel going up inside the cave.

Panda Yanda climbed this tunnel up and reached outside. When he looked down from a high place, he saw his injured friend Brave Tiger on a tree log. He hurriedly went to Brave Tiger, pulled him out of the water and put healing leaves on his friend's wounds under tree leaves. Both were very tired.

They slept until they heard bird sounds.The monkeys paid the price for their foolishness. They had minds; but since they didn't use them, they were saying "oh, puff, ah, vah" with burns on their bodies but in vain. Some trees caught fire with the dragon's flames.

A few elephants came from the forest to extinguish the fire, the fire was brought under control, its growth prevented.

The dragon also took its share from Brave Tiger's claws, was injured.

The dragon retreated behind a mountain, groaning.Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger were not in a state to talk either. They needed rest.

Even though they woke up hearing bird sounds, they closed their eyes again.

Quite some time passed.

Panda Yanda: "How are you, Brave Tiger?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "A bit better. The place became a fire site. If you saw how many worked to extinguish one dragon's fire. Thank God the fire is out at least. Deep Silence Forest won't turn to ash... Raising a tree, making it a forest is important, but protecting it is also important," he said.

Panda Yanda: "There's a dragon after us. We need to reach the Zemberek Ship. We shouldn't stay on the road. If you're a bit better, let's walk. If we can walk without stopping, at least take steps, cover distance," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Okay. You know, Panda Yanda, I have burning in my chest," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Really?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "Yes. Last night I had burning in my chest. Did something I ate upset me?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "No. Hopefully it's not the heart. Is there something I can do for you?" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Actually, I need to go to the forest hospital. I'm thinking not to

leave this for tomorrow," he said.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger were heading deeper into the Deep Silence Forest.

The water they followed brought them to the bank of the Green River. The bank they came to was the border of where Crocodile Timilers lived.

Who were Crocodile Timilers?

Crocodile Timilers owned a television channel. Crocodile Timilers were making forest animals think less with their television broadcasts.

They were humiliating some animals on their channels. With the false news they made, they were bringing some animals to their living place and hunting them.

Crocodiles always spent their days watching their prey.That's what Stork Lucky wanted too, to establish a television channel in the forest.

Crocodile Timilers were advertising on television broadcast "Dear forest animals, there are places where every animal can build a nest on this bank of the Green River. Close to the forest, close to water."

Would the place where crocodiles live be safe?

Who would believe what was said?

Unfortunately, lambs believed what was said.Lambs hadn't known crocodiles.

The crocodiles presenting the program were talking to each other.

Crocodile: "Look, don't you see that antelope herd there? How nicely they're drinking water. This place's water is healthy. They also use here to cross to the opposite bank. The water depth is low here," he said.

What the crocodile said was true. The ones who saw antelopes as prey, telling the truth, were the crocodiles.

Here's Panda Yanda:

Panda Yanda: "Hey Brave Tiger! There's a television at the tree base but don't look at all," he called.

Brave Tiger: "Why?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "It's a trap!" he called.

Brave Tiger: "Whose trap?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Whose would it be, the crocodiles'! Look at the water surface, dozens of crocodiles are watching us!" he said.

Panda Yanda: "Wow, how many there are!" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Don't let the numbers scare you. For one prey, dozens fight each other. If you don't give in to greed, you defeat them. What will we do?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "We'll walk a bit inland from the opposite bank. They have nests, eggs on the bank. If we're cautious, we'll eliminate this danger," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Okay," he said.

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda moved towards the place where lambs lived downstream of the Green River. Meanwhile, lambs were sitting in front of a television talking.

One of the lambs: "Friends, look, living areas are shown on Crocodile TV. How beautiful!" he said.

Another lamb: "Yes, shall we go upstream of the river?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "No way, no! Dozens of crocodiles are waiting in the water to eat you," he warned.

Lambs: "Are there crocodiles upstream of the river?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Look at the channel you're watching, Crocodile TV! Still don't understand?" he said.

Lambs: "We didn't understand," he said.

One of the lambs: "I'm saying, let's do what the television says, not Panda Yanda," he said.

Panda Yanda: "What? I can't believe it! You don't know your friend from your enemy," he was surprised.

One of the lambs: "Doesn't the television tell the truth?" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Crocodiles are deceiving you. You're being deceived. Apparently you've watched television constantly. If you watch television constantly, you start believing the constant lies," he said.

Panda Yanda: "These don't listen like the monkeys," he said.

Brave Tiger: "If we save one lamb, the others will follow him. Herd psychology. Come, let's talk to this lamb," he said.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger went to one lamb.

Brave Tiger: "Little lamb, what beautiful white fur you have," he said.

Lamb: "Yes," he said.

Brave Tiger: "You love water, right?" he asked.

Lamb: "Yes," he said.

Brave Tiger: "You eat fresh grass, right?" he asked.

Lamb: "Yes," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Will you come with us?" he asked.

Lamb: "Yes," he said.

When Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger gave the lamb some grass, some water, the lamb started following them.The other lambs followed this lamb too.

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda thus saved the lambs from being crocodile food.They all came together to the place where fish lived downstream.

Panda Yanda: "What is that! There are so many fish here, jumping on the water," he said.

Brave Tiger: "From lack of oxygen?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "How did you know?" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Crocodiles live upstream. Crocodiles love murky water, they pollute the river for hunting," he said.

One of the fish came to the water surface and started talking:

Fish: "Hello, I'm Blue. Our water got very polluted," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Yes. I'm aware. Crocodiles are involved in this," he said.

Fish: "Why do they want only themselves in the river?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "So they control the river, they pollute the water. They want other animals living in the water to migrate elsewhere. What crocodiles do is not right behavior. Some animals think wrong is right, they pay the price. Like some monkeys' theft," he said.

Fish: "Then we need to be careful," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Yes," he said.

Blue fish: "Since you've traveled a lot on land, I'm asking. Where can we migrate?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "The river is your right too, I think. Secretly settle in the area above where crocodiles live, upstream. If you move collectively with your friends, you'll succeed. The strength in communities is not in individuals," he said.

Fish talked among themselves.

They decided to settle in the currents above where crocodiles lived.

One night, all fish quietly passed through where crocodiles were. Fish safely reached their new places. Oxygen in the water was high here too. After fish settled in new places, the number of fish increased. Because living in clean water increased the fish population.

Crocodiles' population decreased because their prey decreased. Crocodiles could no longer benefit from the water as before.After the fish lived in their new places,

Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda crossed to the opposite bank of the Green River.

While the dragon was searching for them in the Deep Silence Forest, Brave Tiger and Panda Yanda had reached Small Moon Valley.Panda Yanda looked at Small Moon Valley.

It was afternoon, shadows of trees in the valley were long. There was a small stream in the middle of the valley.

Panda Yanda: "If only Stork Lucky saw this place too," he said.

Brave Tiger: "He'll see, inshallah. Hopefully he healed. Stork Lucky had a memory. Do you remember?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Yes. He told at the hospital," he answered.Brave Tiger continued telling.

Brave Tiger: "One day Stork Lucky built a nest on a telephone pole near a bridge built by Roman Emperor Septimius Severus," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Amazing how the bridge remained solid from then to now!" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Some people do solid work. Some people make their works solid to leave a good memory or to be remembered well. Back to our topic, people didn't harm the nest he made. Stork Lucky didn't harm them either. Because of that, he always came to that nest in spring. If seed trusts the soil, it sprouts. If animals, birds trust people, they continue their lives there. People become happier than animals," he said.

Panda Yanda: "How beautiful!" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Yes. Are you hungry?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Hungry. Let's eat something. There are things to eat there. Fruits etc., let's eat them," he said.

Brave Tiger: "I'm a tiger. You eat the fruits," he said.

Panda Yanda: "There's food for you there," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Yes, I'll eat that," he said.

They started eating together. At that moment, they felt the wind coming from the forest.

The sun was slowly setting too. The sun was setting.

Brave Tiger: "We walked a lot. You're tired, I'm tired. What do you say?" he said.

Panda Yanda: "Tired, what tired!" he said.

Brave Tiger: "You pandas live in China, right?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Some of us live in China too," he answered.

Brave Tiger: "Have you been to China?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "No, but it's very crowded. Over a billion people live there. Lots of people there," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Would you want to go to China?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Yes," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Traveling the world is beautiful. You understand your smallness. You marvel at the world's size, richness," he said.

Panda Yanda: "What do you mean by understanding smallness?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "We are flesh and bone beings. Our life is limited. We shouldn't see ourselves big. That's what I meant," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Yes. Well Brave Tiger, would you want to go to China?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "I would. Countries I'm curious about: Russia, Saudi Arabia, Germany, France, England, Italy... I think I'm curious about all countries. I've heard about China since childhood, there's the Great Wall. Seeing in place is different from hearing. China's economy grew a lot too. Many things changed in the world during the pandemic. Things always change in the world. The world yesterday is not the same as today. What else will happen, let's see," he said.

They were silent for a bit. Both slept.The huge sky was receiving so much light. They noticed when the sun started setting.

Brave Tiger: "You know? Our world is a magnificent palace, the sun is this

palace's lamp," he said.

Panda Yanda: "The moon and stars are beautifully created too," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Yes," he said.

Panda Yanda: "The sun set I think, there's a color left on the horizon, red or pink," he said.

The sun had set, the air was cool.

Brave Tiger: "Hopefully we won't freeze tonight," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Inshallah. We'll sleep there among leafy trees, bushes," he said.

Brave Tiger: "My right front leg hurts a bit, let me rest it," he said.

After resting a bit...

Panda Yanda: "Panda struggles and struggles, nothing in hand. I don't know, no comment," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Why don't you want to talk?" he said.

Panda Yanda: "I can't talk about this. I'm thinking of a man in prison. A man? Thousands of people in prison and you're free," he said.

Brave Tiger: "I'm free but my mind is with them. Living there is hard," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Would it be easy? Someone between high walls says 'If only', To far lands, far lands, if only I could go far from here," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Those who live it know these topics," he said.

Panda Yanda: "What happened?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "Achoo! My nose is running," he said.

Panda Yanda: "There's some water there, clean your nose if you want," he said.

Brave Tiger: "Okay," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Did you dry when crossing the river?" he said.

Brave Tiger: "I think I didn't dry completely, that's why I'm sneezing," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Is there a topic I can help with?" he said.

Brave Tiger: "Probably not, from dust. Windy weather, dust got in my nose I

think," he said.

Darkness had fallen completely. They would sleep soon. The only color in the middle was black somehow. Black color had swallowed all colors or was like a sheet hiding colors. Or evening, or black color was like a mother who took all colors in her lap and raised them. All colors had closed their eyes and slept.

Panda Yanda: "What are you thinking?" he said.

Brave Tiger: "What will become of us? Every day like a nightmare," he said.

Panda Yanda: "How is that word, every day like a rose bud, colorful roses blooming. Don't you see, think, feel?" he asked.

Brave Tiger: "You're right. It was temporary pessimism. Let's sleep," he said.

Panda Yanda: "Okay," he said.

Brave Tiger: "May God give comfort," he said.

Panda Yanda: "To you too," he said.

What was Stork Lucky's state?

What was Thomas doing?

Stork Lucky was on the plane. There was someone from Istanbul next to him, name Emir. Stork Lucky looked out the window:

Stork Lucky: "Oh God, what a beautiful world! Eat, drink, be grateful! Humanity, what are these wars, these fights? What do you have against each other? What a beautiful palace you're guests in. Does a guest fight with a guest? Eats the host's treats, chats, is happy. 'I'm glad I have such a friend, stayed in his house, he didn't hurt me, honored me, treated me' he says."

Emir listened carefully to Stork Lucky.

Stork Lucky: "Oh God, look at these beautiful ocean waters, which parade troop can make this visual feast? Which team's fans can make this waving without scaring? What a magnificent view," he said.

Emir: "The ocean affected you a lot I think?" he asked.

Stork Lucky: "Yes, I was captivated by the ocean's wonder. The fish in the ocean are caught in the current. I was caught in the beauty, order, harmony outside the ocean," he said.

Emir: "Where are you going?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "One goes from the work to the owner," he said.

They were silent. From the plane's announcement system:

Announcement: "Passengers, our plane is currently over the Atlantic Ocean. Tea-coffee service will start soon," he said.

Emir opened the screen on the back of the seat in front. There were Turkish televisions on the screen. On the documentary channel, recycling of waste materials in England and America was being told.

Emir: "Yes, recycling is a beautiful thing. If only lost people were recycled too?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "How so, I didn't understand," he said.

Emir: "People who fall into prison aren't contributed to economy, life?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "They are contributed already," he said.

Emir: "Really? Why?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "You said in English!" he said.

Emir: "I was very surprised that's why. I think you don't know the situation of those behind high walls?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "I don't know," he said.

Emir: "Someone between high walls, let's say me, generally a consumer. You consume food too, not just that. Lucky, we consume time, we consume life. There was someone from Adana, saying someone succumbed to momentary anger, 'I spend my time in front of the idiot box'" he said.

Stork Lucky: "What does idiot box mean?" he said.

Emir: "What would it be, television!" he said.

Stork Lucky: "There's pain on your left side. Get well soon. You should have gone to the doctor," he said.

Emir: "I went to the doctor yesterday. 'Doctor, I have three complaints' I said. 'First, burning in my chest, second, my eyes tire quickly, third, compression in my left side as if in my internal organs'" he said.

Stork Lucky: "So, what did the doctor say? By the way, you had quite a few complaints. Human body is like a city I think. Your buildings are starting to age too," he said.

Emir: "But our body is flesh-bone. Even reinforced concrete buildings last to a point. Exceptions don't break the rule, let's talk. What did the doctor say? The doctor asked if I have problems seeing far or near. I think he needs to change

my glasses. He listened to my chest with stethoscope, 'Take deep breath' he said. Wrote a medicine, 'Come when the medicine finishes' he said," he said.

Stork Lucky: "How will you come from Turkey to America?" he said.

Emir: "Maybe I'll go to a doctor in Turkey," he said.

Stork Lucky: "What did he say about the pain, compression on your left side?" he said.

Emir: "'You caught cold in your kidneys' he said. Look, it compressed again just now. Shall I eat, let me drink some water," he said.

Emir filled a glass with water, sipped the water.

Stork Lucky: "You're sipping the water," he said.

Emir: "Maybe I think I tired my stomach a lot. Our stomach is like a barn, can't fill suddenly. We think everything is done when food passes our mouth. Where? If internal organs had tongues, what complaints would they have from us?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "Their complaints are getting sick. Their talking is with pain. My pain continues," he said.

Emir: "Let me drink more water. I don't have much knowledge about kidney cold either," he said.

Stork Lucky: "You should have asked the doctor," he said.

Emir: "There were so many patients. Even if the doctor listens, the looks of the staff next to him chase you away. You're chased with their looks," he said.

Stork Lucky: "Get well soon," he said.

Emir took a few more sips of water. Together they opened a movie on the screen. In the movie, there was a man on the operating table.

Emir: "Look, we were just talking health, a health-related image came. Health is important," he said.

Stork Lucky took a few more sips of water. They started watching the movie.

Emir: "Isn't the movie very dark? I don't like movies dark inside. Too much black tone. Such movies make people pessimistic. I'm closing it," he said.

Stork Lucky: "Believe me, I couldn't like it either," he said.

Food service started.

Emir: "What's on the menu I wonder?" he said.

Flight attendants were putting food on plates: rice pilaf, beans, grapes...

Stork Lucky: "Good, beans are one of your national foods," he said.

Emir took the food from the hostess.

Emir: "I wonder where the grapes are from?" he asked.

Stork Lucky: "I don't know," he said.

Emir started eating grapes.

Stork Lucky: "Grapes should be eaten with bread," he said.

Emir: "Why?" he asked.

Stork Lucky: "There's an acidic substance that sticks to teeth in grapes. When eating grapes with bread, bread absorbs this acid. Eating grapes with bread is very beneficial for dental health for people," he said.

Emir and Lucky ate grapes.

Emir: "What else to do on a plane trip? You can read a known plane book perhaps," he said.

Stork Lucky: "Read read, no end to reading. What happened to you Lucky? I don't know, I'm bored. Sometimes we feel searched," he said.

Emir: "Of course you're a bird, it would be better if you had wings," he said.

Stork Lucky: "Let me sleep a bit, okay," he said.

Emir started sleeping. Meanwhile, it was getting warmer inside too.

Stork Lucky got up a bit more, couldn't sleep. One of the passengers made noise, woke up. The passenger violated rights.

Emir: "What happened Lucky? Sleeping?" he said.

Stork Lucky: "You couldn't sleep. Yes, I woke up. Maybe a passenger here woke you. Think, if you were in a place surrounded by high walls, what would your state be?" he said.

Emir: "Yes, how would a person endure in a place with high walls? Yes, you're flesh and bone, you can't expect the same sensitivity from everyone. When talking in the garden, you get disturbed, who will you tell? Downstairs opens the television volume, watches. Even if your hearing is low, this sound comes as noise to you. 'Brother, respect?' you'll say. See little, hear little, talk little, suffer much. If you fiddle with the television at night, everything can come up. Also Stork Lucky, good people leave beauty behind, bad morals do what their morals require but anyway, never mind. Noble people exhibit noble

behaviors," he said.

Barbara: “You seem a bit troubled, Thomas,” she said.

Thomas: “I couldn’t achieve my expectations in my life plan. I think I wasted my life. I mixed straw with wheat. I couldn’t add one and one. I couldn’t bless the dough in my bread trough,” he said.

Barbara: “Let it go, Thomas,” she said.

Thomas and Barbara talked for a bit. After talking, their agenda became travel preparations.

Thomas: “Are you ready, Barbara?” he said.

Barbara: “Okay, no matter how ready I say I am, as a woman, you’ve learned my situation. Because of my perfectionist nature, I want everything to be complete,” she said.

Thomas: “The plane tickets are done too. Let’s hit the road then,” he said.Thomas and Barbara went outside the house with the children.

Thomas: “Hey taxi!” he said.

The taxi stopped. They loaded the luggage into the trunk and headed to the airport.

A little later...

They arrived at the airport. The family was waiting at the gate for the announcement related to the plane’s departure. The children were waiting asleep.

Thomas: “I’m at the point where everything ends,” he said.

Barbara: “Inshallah it’s not a period, you’re at a comma. May our journey be the beginning of a new life,” she said.

Thomas: “People, people, I’m tired of people, Barbara,” he said.

Barbara: “Don’t criticize people, criticize yourself, you’ll do a better job in my opinion,” she said.Meanwhile, subtitles were passing on the screen. It said that 249 people had died due to the pandemic in Turkey.

Thomas: “249 people died in Turkey due to the pandemic,” he said.

Barbara: “Thomas! We didn’t think about this at all. It probably came to mind in our spare time. What are we doing? Is travel done during this pandemic period? Let’s cancel the plane tickets,” she said.

Thomas: “Okay. I’ll refund the tickets,” he said.

Thomas refunded the tickets at the sales office. The family returned home again. The children were quite tired. As soon as they got home, they started sleeping.Thomas opened Turkish channels at home and looked at the news. In the English-language news, it was written that the pandemic risk had decreased and schools had opened.

Thomas: “Thought-provoking,” he said.

A little later, Barbara came to Thomas’s side.

Thomas: “Problems, problems, we can’t handle them,” he said.

Barbara: “Our servitude is not servitude. The calamities that befall us are because of the sins we commit. One whose worry is the world has as many worries as the world. Think about what your worry is. You’re in your own worry. Do you ever think about these children?” she said.

Thomas:“You’re right,” he said.

Barbara: “Our time is running out. We won’t live forever in this world. Do you think your troubles are the only troubles? The fly you’re dealing with is a black fly. If you paid attention to cleanliness, kept the surroundings clean, why would a fly bother you?” she said.

(Silence)

Barbara: “Thomas, it’s serious. Is it from the pandemic? I don’t know why. Everywhere is in ruins. Perhaps fate plows the soil like a tractor plow before sowing seeds. Do you know? Mary cries all day at school. Do you know the news? You love it. Do you know the Turkish folk song? Do you know the news? While everything is collapsing, while everything is burning, do you know the news? While people migrate from their countries, do you know the news? Does your heart tremble when refugees shiver in the cold?” she said.

Thomas: “Barbara, I can’t open my eyes. The screens are lying,” he said.

Barbara: “Close your eyes to lies, open them to truth,” she said.

Thomas: “There are thousands of men in my brain, my head is throbbing. My eyes hurt,” he said.

Barbara: “Not your eyes, when will your heart hurt? When will your back carry the heavy load?” she asked.

Thomas: “You’re slipping away, Barbara. While suffering in the harvest of

your eloquence, you find rhymes; pity me," he said.

Barbara: "Husbands are equal at the same time. Earth and sky are equal. Dig the soil if you want; or dig your real soil," she said.

Thomas: "My mind is tired, Barbara," he said.

Barbara: "Have trust in God," she said.

Thomas: "My head..." he said.

Barbara: "Have trust in the One who created everything," she said.

Thomas: "There's a heavy load on my back," he said.

Barbara: "You caused it, to carry that heavy load," she said.

Thomas: "If you allow, I'll go out for a bit," he said.

Barbara: "In this state of mind? Nothing will taste good," she said.

The sun had risen. The surroundings were brightening. Would Thomas's inside brighten?

Sometimes a person stays in darkness. Sometimes a person travels in darkness. Sometimes stays stuck in darkness. Sometimes is determined, gets out of his pit. Man desires, wishes. The Creator brings what you wish from darkness to light.

Green grass was standing in the garden of the house. It was autumn. The weather was cooling. People's feet and arms were getting cold.

Barbara:

"What's your trouble?"

Thomas: "I'm drowning in myself. I can't save myself. A person struggling with waves needs either a rope or a saving hand," he said.

Barbara: "Isn't there your own effort?" she asked.

Thomas: "There is, but you need help," he said.

They fell silent.

Thomas: "Our conversations became like Shakespeare's speeches," he said.Barbara continued the conversation.

Barbara: "How far will you go with this philosophy?" she asked.

Thomas: “You won’t understand me,” he said.

Barbara: “Do you want to be understood? You’ve become like murky water. Can you see yourself? Can you see yourself in your own world?” she asked.

Thomas: “I would expect you to say; Darling, be consistent within yourself, be at peace with yourself,” he said.

Barbara: “You’re aging now. You’re doing your own accounting. Didn’t you have a mind? If you hadn’t made mistakes in your youth? Didn’t the great Turkish sage Mevlana say ‘Either appear as you are or be as you appear’? Now what’s your problem? Living as you believe? Or believing as you live?” she asked.

Thomas scratched his head. While scratching his head, he thought “Telling my wife is a trouble, not telling is a trouble.”
While Thomas and Barbara were talking, Mary came into the room. Thomas and Barbara’s daughter Mary had come to her mom and dad’s side.

Mary: “I’m bored,” she said.

Barbara: “My daughter, couldn’t you sleep?” she asked.

Mary: “Yes,” she said.

Barbara to Thomas: “You’re the captain of the ship. If you’re in this state, what should we do?” she asked.

Thomas: “You’re right,” he said.

Thomas to himself: “I know. They call it depression. I think that’s what I’m experiencing,” he said.

Thomas suddenly returned to his school years. While studying at university, some of his classmates wanted to throw a fish party. The young people organizing the fish party couldn’t get enough participation, so they canceled the fish party. When Thomas asked one of the young people how many fish were needed for the fish party:

The young person organizing the party:

“10-11 fish,” he said.

Thomas thought of asking his family for money so that five wouldn’t be incomplete.

A little later, he saw young people eating fish inside the university.

Thomas: “How nice, a few people are cooking and eating fish. They don’t

invite me. I'm not in their hearts, so how can I be at their table."

Thomas got angry with himself for having expectations.

Thomas: "All the fault is mine. Everyone is good, I'm bad. Everyone is wheat, I'm straw."

While Thomas was in these thoughts, Barbara called out to him.

Barbara: "Come to yourself. I'm scared for you," she said.

Thomas: "I think I'll end up in a madhouse. I'll go to the hospital for the insane," he said.

Barbara: "How is that word? You're scaring me," she said.

Thomas:

"I'm scared of myself too, I guess. I'm scared of my end. Abnormal things are happening," he said.

Thomas and Barbara chatted a bit.

The next day...

Thomas was at the office. He told his police friends about not going to Istanbul.

When Thomas looked out the office window, he saw security cameras. What had he himself witnessed. His eyes had witnessed everything he looked at throughout his life. There was a place somewhere inside where everything he did and said was recorded. There was also a court for the recorded thing. Why were these records made for humans? So that one day the records would be revealed. There would be questioning about the recorded. If there is questioning, wouldn't there be punishment and reward?

Meanwhile...

Barbara was thinking about Thomas. Thomas was thinking about how he would go to the hereafter with these sins.

Think think think, how far?
Thinking too much is not good, thinking too little either...

Thomas remembered the stork searching for the Zemberek ship.
Where are you, Stork Lucky searching for the Zemberek ship?
How much life do you have left?

What are you after?

Thomas in his mind: We are all in search. Money, property, house, approval...

Our life shapes accordingly. We need constant self-control. What am I after?

In what direction am I going?

Thoughts, thoughts, we need actions.

The plane continued traveling in the air.

Emir: “Why are you searching for the Zemberek ship?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “I don’t know,” he said.

Emir: “How so? Don’t you know why you’re searching for what you’re searching?” he asked.
Stork Lucky:

“I don’t know. Strange. Let me answer you like this, I’m searching for something too. Everyone searches for something. In winter days, birds fly southeast, searching for their sustenance. Babies search for milk. People search for someone on the phone, search for a friend. Have you ever been someone’s friend?” he asked.

Emir: “No, I haven’t,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “Why?” he asked.

Emir: “To be someone’s friend, you need to be a real man. Am I a man?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “Do you know this and correct yourself?” he asked.

Emir: “Where? I’m at the bottom of the pit,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “Thank God you know you’re at the bottom of the pit. In my opinion, try to get out of there. You’re searching without knowing why you search something, that’s separate. Sometimes there’s a search feeling inside a person. You search for rice, find bulgur. Man gets hungry, searches for food. Left thirsty, made to search for water. Needs money, searches for a job to earn money. But people fight. Why? Nothing. Because they couldn’t find the truth, they roll in misguidance.”

Emir: “What is truth?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “Truth is being truthful. Being good. I’m silent,” he said.

Emir: “Why?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “I couldn’t do some of these either,” he said.

Emir: “I caught you now. Why were you deceived?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “I was deceived. Fooled. Have you ever been fooled?” he asked.

Emir: “A lot.”

Stork Lucky: “Even if fooled, don’t fool. Even if burned, don’t burn,” he said.

Emir: “What a word?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “Didn’t your heart hurt?” he asked.

Emir: “It did.”

Stork Lucky: “That’s what I’m saying. Even if they hurt your heart, don’t hurt hearts,” he said.

Emir: “There are many who advise me, I need living people. I’ll say the person you’re searching for, I need a real man,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “Be that you,” he said.

Emir: “You said a very heavy word. The word has a heavy load.”

The plane was in the air, sometimes traveling inside white clouds. The plane was going between the oceans and the blue skies more than the blue seas. There were many fish in the ocean, many birds flying in the air. There were also many passengers in the plane. We are inside some things, traveling outside some things. Toward a huge huge square. Stork Lucky was also traveling toward what he was searching. Truth is reached only by the right path. Don’t wrongs lead to wrong places?

One of the passengers called the hostess:

Passenger:

“Excuse me?” he asked.
The hostess came to the passenger’s side.

Hostess: “Yes?”

Passenger: “I’m not feeling well. I have a headache,” he said.

Hostess: “Let me bring you water. It could be from dehydration.”

Passenger:

“Okay,” he said.

The hostess brought a glass of water. The passenger drank the water.

Hostess: “How are you?” she asked.

Passenger: “A bit better, thank you,” he said.

Some of the passengers on the plane watched this event.

Thomas to himself: “What do I know? Hey Stork Lucky hey! You forgot us. How am I? No one asks what I’m searching. It’s as if the world became a prison cell for me. There are glass curtains between me and all people,” he said.
Thomas’s phone rang. It was his wife Barbara calling.

Barbara: “I missed you. How are you?” she asked.

Thomas: “Same as before. Barbara, I’m still like a broken tree. I still can’t gather myself. Like a lame duck. Will my foot heal? I compare my foot to what I’ve experienced. I can’t travel. Thoughts, thoughts... God forbid. Like coronavirus penetrating the lungs, my mistakes block my future like a virus. I want to breathe,” he said.

Barbara: “Look! Darling! You’re scattering your effort. Focus on today. Did you learn from what you’ve experienced in the past? Of course you didn’t take the opposite. Your situation is like drilling. You wait for the soil drilling group analysis. I think your situation is like producing analysis reports. I hope you live with the hope of being forgiven before dying,” she said.

Thomas: “Thank you. I’ll travel a bit more in my uncertainty, like ships traveling in the Istanbul Strait. I hope God disperses this fog, everything becomes clear. You and I wash in the repentance fountains,” he said.

They said goodbye.

Announcement comes from Thomas’s radio
“Thomas, can you go to Jefferson High School?”
Thomas: “Yes,” he said.

After doing his duty, Thomas came to the police center.At the office, his superior came to Thomas’s side.

Superior:

“During the corona period, children have become completely idle. They don’t like school. Their self-confidence is low. They run away from school to the

park. Teachers are tense, life has no taste left," he said.

Thomas: "We should be like firefighters struggling to extinguish a forest fire," he said.

Meanwhile, a police officer came into the room.

Police: "Sir, Jack's mother passed away. She lost her life to coronavirus," he said.

Superior: "May God have mercy. Let's go for condolence visit," he said.

The police officers went for condolence. Death had announced its reality once again. If a day comes when you will give account of life, wouldn't a person take his steps more carefully?

Superior: "Thomas, I'm saying. Yesterday someone told. In prison, someone got thirty years for killing a prisoner in the ward. They put the killer in a prison cell. He says 'I'm bad'. He says 'I harm people'."

Thomas inside: "Help, help," he was saying. "God, give me strength to live," he was praying.

Thomas to himself: "Painfully. My brain hurts, my heart hurts. How weak man is. My trouble was myself. If my trouble is remedy for me, everything got very mixed. Ash and spring intertwined... Mind can't comprehend, no pass road here. Is there a road without pass? This road has a pass too. I can't find it, it's not made to find. I'm tired of life, tired," he said.

Thomas plunged into thoughts.

Thomas: "If life is heavy, I'm weak but I have responsibilities. I have an account. I'm helpless. What am I, what am I doing? While thousands, billions of people go to another world, what am I doing? What trouble am I in, my time is short. I can go to the other world any moment," he thought.

Thomas was at the office. He looked at the window. Light was falling inside from the window. What a beautiful thing light was. It made everything visible. What did light show? Artistic works. All the artistic antique works in the world. Antique works were majestic as the first day. All antique works in the world were fresh and alive as every day. Sun, clouds, soil...

Light warmed Thomas.Wind was also coming from the window. The wind was swaying the curtain, making sounds like wind.

People coming and going to the world had also left sounds, words. Some talked about the owner of these artistic works, some uttered the art in works.

Light was coming upon Thomas. Thomas was thinking about what would happen under the grave, how the account would be, what the dead experienced.

When one day he leaves the world, do the things you say “If you had done this,” he thought.

Thomas went to a park near the police center.

In the park, an old man was feeding pigeons.

The old man turned to Thomas and called:”Officer, are you available?”

Thomas answered:”Yes.”

Old Man: “I want to talk to you. Won’t you sit?” he said.

Thomas: “Okay. Let’s talk,” he said.

The old man smiled.

Thomas sat next to the old man.”Hello,” said Thomas.

The old man also said “Hello” and they introduced themselves.

The old man started speaking:”I’ve come to the end of my life now. You’re also approaching the end of your life. We’re going to another world. We don’t know what awaits us. The world, with its contents, is a very beautiful gift package. What isn’t there for humans inside... I had a wonderful childhood. My mother, father were very good people. My house was very beautiful. There were trees in my house’s garden. I would climb trees, play with friends. They say time passed like water, exactly like that, it was true. Now there’s coronavirus. A person can die any moment. People die within two weeks after the virus infects. Who didn’t die... Death is a door opening to other worlds, I understood this. I researched death in the world. My researches about death in Turkey comforted me. I understood that death is not nothingness. I realized I need to work for life after death too. Mr. Thomas! My advice to you: Pray. I have a conviction that our problems, our inner troubles will only go this way.”

Thomas thought “prayer.”

He looked at the trees opposite. It felt as if everything was praying to him. He thanked the old man and left there. As he left, the pigeons flew, circled in the air and landed back next to the old man.

The plane continued traveling.

Stork Lucky: “We worked, it didn’t happen,” he said.

Emir: “Stork Lucky, what didn’t happen? What did you work? Study lessons?” he asked.

Stork Lucky started speaking. Emir was a bit bored.

Stork Lucky: “We studied lessons too, it didn’t happen,” he said.

Emir: “If you focused on the result... Sometimes people raise the tree, can’t eat its fruit, can’t rest in its shade,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “Does that happen? If a teacher doesn’t call and ask about his student years after graduation,” he said.

Emir: “Is he obligated to call?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “Not obligated, but this is a matter of heart,” he said.

They fell silent.

Dear diary, today a caricaturist died?

What did his drawings do besides stirring things up?

Thomas was writing his diary. He imagined himself in the office for a moment. He looked at the blue skies from his window. Autumn winds were blowing outside. As trees shed their leaves, perhaps his life’s leaves had been shedding for months, years. Yesterday he had seen a completely clean human face. He was sitting at the door in front of the turf field. Seeing that face reminded him of God. “How beautifully God created a soul, what a beautiful face,” he thought.

Beautiful-faced person: “Glad tidings,” he had said.

Some people, when looked at, awaken goodness feelings in people, give joy of living.
Thomas had read a book recently. A book explaining so many artistic works turning to evolution saddened him.
Thomas:“That’s the world,” he thought.

“Joy, sorrow, darkness, light, oppression, divine light, truth, lie, righteousness intertwined. With our will, we need to distinguish right from wrong,” he said.

Thomas thought these. He didn’t feel like writing in his diary. He thought about his own end, his death. Few people see ninety years. He could be called to the other world any moment. Death is what will happen to every living thing. If there’s birth, there’s death.

Thomas to himself: “O human! Whether in Berlin or Tokyo, one day no

matter what you do, you'll die," he said.

Thomas imagined looking from his office window somewhere. Blue sky and cameras were visible from the office window.

Cameras were recording everything. Why? To detect security violators. For those who exceed limits, cross boundaries.

There are boundaries in life.

"Can you see?"

"No?"

Here, the calamities that befall you teach you the boundary. When you exceed 90 km speed limit while driving, the accident teaches you boundary lesson.

Illness, a malfunction in your body, teaches preservation of health lesson.

Did you learn the lesson well, comprehend it?"

My office window. My faithful friend.

Why?

Even if I see a few things, it bridges me to the world.

Thomas's conscience: "Thomas, how are the children? What is Barbara doing? The ship is burning, are you aware? You're being dragged into a whirlpool. You're in the sorrow of a few flowers you see on the ship, the blueness of the sky," it said.

Phone rings.

Barbara: "Thomas, where are you?" she asked."I was tired, lying down," he said.

Barbara: "I have bad news for you," she said.

Thomas: "What?" he asked.

Barbara: "I might go to prison," she said.

Thomas: "What happened?" he asked.

Barbara: "The American Justice Department reviewed my file, made its decision," she said.

Thomas: "Approved or canceled?" he asked.

Barbara: “Approved. It says on the screen: File has passed review,” she said.

Thomas: “I hope it’s canceled,” he said.

Barbara: “My sentences are incomplete. You’re absent. Why don’t you come home?” she asked.

Thomas: “My mind is very confused. My plans aren’t working. Why doesn’t this fabric hold stitches?” he asked.

Barbara: “Maybe because the fabric is rotten?” she asked.

Thomas: “Am I a rotten apple?” he asked.

Barbara: “You’re going through midlife crisis. I don’t know when you’ll overcome it. Come, be a father to your children. Hold your children’s hands, take them to school. You’re security personnel, security person. You’re not even sure of yourself, how will you protect the state?” she said.

Thomas: “It’s like I’m on a highway with mixed roads. I don’t know where to go. No road signs. Alone in the car,” he said.

Barbara: “It would be very good if you gather yourself. Life seconds are passing, becoming your allotted time. Seek refuge in God, repent,” she said.Phone hangs up.Thomas writes in his notebook.”I couldn’t go home. Evening came. When I looked out my office window, I saw a darkness. A dark face.”

Thomas: “I need to go home. The ships have sunk. If I go to Turkey. If I live in Turkey. Will everything fix in Turkey? I thought about Turkey,” he thought.

Phone rings.

Barbara: “Come home now,” she said.

Thomas: “Okay. Coming,” he said.

Barbara: “Thomas,” she said.

Thomas: “Yesterday from where I was sitting, when I raised my head to the sky, I saw a stork in the air,” he said.

Barbara: “A stork in this season?” she asked.

Thomas: “Yes. I couldn’t believe it either. Perhaps a stork on the return journey,” he said.

Barbara: “Did it lag behind its friends?” she asked.

Thomas: “Or Barbara, was it a stork with a broken wing?” he said.

Barbara: “What about our brokennesses?” she said.

Thomas bowed his head, felt like a guilty person. Barbara’s this sentence was a reproach.Both fall silent.

What will happen to Thomas’s situation?

What will happen to Thomas’s family’s situation?

What will happen to the world’s situation?

What will happen to humanity’s situation?

All these situations can be solved with good behaviors.

My travel companion, how needy for consolation. How needy humankind for consolation.

Where are the people who console?

Can you be one who consoles, Thomas?

Can you console Barbara?

Thomas to Barbara:

“I want to go to Turkey,” he said.

Barbara: “There’s coronavirus, pandemic,” she said.

Thomas: “Coronavirus will be solved in Turkey,” he said.

Barbara: “How so? I didn’t understand,” she said.

Thomas: “Why do epidemic diseases, earthquakes happen?” he asked.

Barbara: “I know where you’re connecting the topic. You’ll give examples from history pages. Darling, there’s a risky situation now. I don’t understand why you love Turkey so much,” she said.
Thomas: “I love Turkey. I want to live the rest of my life there too. It feels like Turkey is a place where angels roam. For a thousand years, Turks did beneficial works for all humanity. They didn’t hurt seventy-two nations. They even opened hospitals for storks with broken wings,” he said.

Barbara: “Oh darling, what about our heart brokennesses? Our scatteredness, our sorrow...” she said.

Barbara: “The Justice Department approved my file. I’m going to prison,” she said.

Thomas: “How can that be?” he said.”Fate. We are travelers,” he said.

Thomas: “I don’t understand,” he said.

Barbara: “There are so many things our minds can’t comprehend,” she said.

Thomas: “Are you going to prison too?” he asked.

Barbara: “Yes. Thomas, pray for me,” she said.”

“I always prayed anyway,” he said.

There was a sorrowful atmosphere at home.

The time of separation was approaching.

Stork Lucky and Emir were approaching Istanbul.

Stork Lucky: “We’re approaching Istanbul,” he said.

Emir: “Yes, we’re in Istanbul skies now,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “Anyway, Mr. Emir, the journey with you was nice,” he said.

Emir: “Where will you go?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “I need to find Brave Captain and Panda Yanda,” he said.

Emir: “The map isn’t with you, how will you find them?” he said.

Stork Lucky: “The map isn’t in my hand but I somewhat remember the coordinates,” he said.

Emir: “Did your wing heal?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “It’s somewhat healed,” he said.

Emir: “Best of luck,” he said.
Stork Lucky: “Thank you very much,” he said.

The plane landed at the airport in Istanbul.When Stork Lucky got off the plane, he started flapping his wings toward the sky. He rose from under the giant plane bodies. He was above the clouds.

Stork Lucky started traveling gliding in the air. He had let himself go now. In his heart was finding his two friends. Aren’t finders the seekers?

After Stork Lucky flew quite a bit, he arrived at the Deep Silence Forest. He crossed the Green River. At the entrance of Small Moon Valley, he saw two shadows.These were Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger. Stork Lucky came gliding in the air to their side.

Stork Lucky: “Hello again after a long time,” he said.

Panda Yanda and Brave Tiger joyfully: “Hello,” they said.

Stork Lucky: “Thank God, my wings healed,” he said.

Panda Yanda: “If you knew what we experienced,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “What did you experience?” he was saying.

Panda Yanda told what happened to them.
Meanwhile, a light sparkle was seen from afar.

Brave Tiger: “What is this?” he asked.

Panda Yanda: “A moon?” he said.

Stork Lucky: “Better I fly and go, you follow,” he said.

Together, they went to where the sparkle was. Stork Lucky had arrived at the light sparkle earlier.

Stork Lucky: “I’m calling to your friends coming, this sparkle is the ship’s mast,” he said.

When Panda Yanda, Brave Captain, came to Stork Lucky’s side:

Panda Yanda: “How will we get this ship out of this sand?” he asked.

Panda Yanda: “Easy. If we tie an airplane’s balloon to the ship’s mast, we won’t get it out of the sand either,” he said.

They made a big balloon from materials and tied it to the mast. As the flying balloon rose, the Zemberek Ship was coming out of the sands and the ship was now on the sands.

Panda Yanda: “So, what will happen now?” he asked.

Brave Tiger: “Yes, what was going to happen now? Why did we search for this ship?” he asked.

“Because it was lost,” they said.

Panda Yanda: “Don’t lost things get searched?” he asked.

Panda Yanda: “Okay, is what we lost only a ship?” they asked.”

You lost yourselves too,” you said.

Brave Tiger: “How so?” he asked.

Panda Yanda: “Sometimes to find what we search or to catch what we follow, we give up something from ourselves too. This is one of our weaknesses. We show greed for example. Jackals, foxes are weak because of this greed. We should give this ship to its owners,” he said.

Panda Yanda: “Okay, but who are this ship’s owners?” he asked.”The Steel family in South Africa are this ship’s owners,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “How will we go there, everywhere is sand?” he said.

Panda Yanda: “Via the Green River,” he said.

They brought the ship to the Green River with the help of the flying balloon.

The Zemberek Ship started traveling in the currents of the Green River. Destination was South Africa.

Would our heroes arrive there?

What did they encounter when they boarded the Zemberek Ship?

Brave Tiger: “Didn’t we finish what we started? After all, we found the Zemberek Ship. Where did this South Africa thing come from now? How did you know the ship belongs to the Steel family?” he asked.

Panda Yanda: “Don’t you see? It’s written on the ship. They were the owners. Don’t I need to deliver the ship to them?” they asked.”

“Yes, of course. Returning lost property to its owner is the best. This is a virtuous behavior,” said Brave Tiger.”

“Universal values are a valid key everywhere in the world,” said Panda Yanda.
At that moment, a dragon appeared in the air. When the dragon headed toward the ship, the ship was passing through the crocodile area in the Green River.

“There’s a dragon above us, coming toward us! Steer the ship right!” said Panda Yanda.

When Brave steered the ship right, the dragon spewed fires from its mouth and advanced toward the river. The fires hit the crocodiles in the river.

Dragon: “I’ll land on the ship,” it said.

While falling into the water.A fight broke out between the crocodiles and the dragon.

The two enemies inflicted heavy wounds and were erased from the stage of history. It was like two sharp vinegars crashing into each other's jars, the clash of the dragon and crocodiles. Our heroes watched with lesson. The forest was thus saved from the dragon and crocodile danger.

Panda Yanda: "Hey Red Ant, Turtle Buddy, Camel Vede and Wolfhead and friends, Mighty Ant hello," he called.

Forest animals: "Hello, hello! Where to?" they said.

Panda Yanda: "To South Africa," he said.
Forest animals: "We heard you found Zemberek and came to the Green River. We came to say goodbye. Safe travels!" they said.

"Thanks for everything," said our heroes.

"We thank you," they said.

The Deep Silence Forest was now free, calm, and peaceful as before. Everyone fell silent and waved to each other. After that were heartfelt conversations and the sorrow of parting. Until the ship was no longer visible from the Deep Silence Forest, they looked at each other. The passengers on the ship listened to the silence of the forest.

Stork Lucky: "Did I tell you the story of the Happy Country?" he asked.

Panda Yanda: "Happy country? No, you didn't tell. I want to hear the story. At least our journey gets some breath," he said.

Stork Lucky looked into the listeners' eyes and started telling the Happy Country story:

Once upon a time, a ruler worried. His assistants, viziers, advisors: "Your majesty, we see you sad. What's up, what happened?" they asked.

Ruler: "Thinking about my country's state saddens me. Life is expensive, I hear unrest in families. Children can't get good education. Even animals are hungry. Wolves, bears descend to city centers," he said.

Viziers: "You're right, your majesty. How can we find a solution?" they asked.

Everyone thought.

Ruler: "We need a word. A word that will cause everything to improve," he

said.

They thought, pondered, and the ruler: “Finally I found it!” he said.

“There was a word I read in a book recently. This word can cause everything to improve,” he added.

Those around the ruler were curious about the word:

“Can one word cause everything to beautify?”

They waited in amazement for the word from the ruler’s mouth.

The ruler said the word.
The word was “Always look at the best.”

The viziers liked this word very much.

The word “Always look at the best” spread in the country.

The people living in the country started looking at the best of everything. They looked at the best of fabric, the best of fruit, the best of words. And in a short time, the country became a happy country.

Here friends! Our principle should be:

“Always look at the best.”

The passengers on the ship slept when night came. Morning came, they woke. In the first lights of morning, the ship was in the Mediterranean.

Stork Lucky: “I had a dream,” he said.

”Inshallah good. Tell it,” said Panda Yanda.

Stork Lucky: “A baby fox was following a lamb, and a baby kangaroo was following the lamb. The fox had boar teeth in its lower jaw, these teeth were sticking out. Worried for the lamb, I gave grass to the lamb to follow me. The lamb followed me. The fox got angry. The fox opened its mouth to scare. The kangaroo was confused what to do,” he said.

Panda Yanda: “What could it signify?” he asked.

Panda Yanda’s question remained unanswered. No one could interpret this dream.

The ship continued traveling in the Mediterranean.

Brave Tiger: “Doesn’t kangaroo live on the Australian continent?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “Yes,” he said.

Brave Tiger: “Have you been to Australia?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “No,” he answered.

Brave Tiger: “What kind of place is Australia?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “I don’t know,” he said.

The sun was spreading its lights everywhere. It was like a giant stove. The sun was burning fiercely. How much wood, coal was needed to burn the sun?

The sun’s heat, light never ended. The sun burned day and night, illuminating surroundings. Its spread light enabled birds to fly. Because birds can’t fly in darkness, they have night blindness. Here, the Sun spreading lights everywhere was also illuminating and heating the huge waters of the Mediterranean.

It was heating mountains, stones, everywhere from Australia to America. When heated, people, living things moved. Water didn’t freeze, flowed everywhere.

Stork Lucky thought these.

The ship arrived at the Red Sea. They saw the pyramids. They passed by the Nile River. They traveled, traveled. And finally arrived in South Africa. They searched, found. They delivered the Zemberek Ship to the Steel family.

The Steel family thanked our heroes and hosted them for a few days.

Stork Lucky and his friends left the Steel family’s side. They boarded a plane and came back to Turkey.

Panda Yanda: “Friends, if you allow, I want to go to China,” he said.

Brave Tiger: “I want to live in forests on the Asian continent,” he said.

Stork Lucky saw off his two friends too. Panda Yanda went to China, to the pandas. Brave Tiger joined the tigers in the forest.Stork Lucky was left alone. He looked outside from his room.

It was October, the weather was cold, he was a bit chilly. Thomas came to Stork Lucky’s mind. He worried for him.

“What is Thomas doing?

How is Thomas?” thought Stork Lucky.

Stork Lucky: “Sitting empty like this won’t do,” he said.

Wasn’t Stork Lucky’s life principle “More effort”?

Stork Lucky decided. He would go to Thomas’s side. But how? Flying or with a vehicle? He couldn’t decide.

A tree, “What are you thinking?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “I’m thinking how to go to my friend’s side,” he said.

Tree: “Haven’t you been late?” he asked.

Stork Lucky surprised: “Why?” he was saying.

Tree: “Don’t you see the world’s state? Everywhere coronavirus, thousands sick. Material, spiritual diseases everywhere,” he said.

Stork Lucky: “You’re right,” he said.

Tree: “The ostrich buries its head in sand thinking the hunter doesn’t see me. We’ve buried our heads in internet, phone. No offense in the comparison, from your perspective Stork Lucky, instead of thinking, shouldn’t you have traveled long ago?” he asked.

Stork Lucky: “You’re right. Let me travel immediately,” he said.

Stork Lucky left there and headed to America by plane. Stork Lucky was a bit sad. After all, what would happen to the world’s state? He couldn’t speak. Stork Lucky looked at the blue sky thoughtfully from the plane’s window.

Barbara was a long-thinking woman. Thomas called home.

Thomas’s mom and dad answered the phone.
“Mom, dad, welcome,” said Thomas.

“Glad we found,” said Thomas’s father.

“Is David home?” he asked.”

Mary went with her mom,” said Thomas’s father.

Later David took the phone.”What happened David?” asked Thomas.

“Dad, mom went far away,” said David.

And Thomas neither saw Barbara nor Mary for a long time.

He couldn’t hear their voices for a long time.

“Son, we’ll protect our minds, soul and body health,” said Thomas’s father.

Then some time passed and the phone conversation ended. “That’s the world,” thought Thomas.

Thomas: “My fate, we don’t know what it prepares for us. Best to surrender to fate. One who surrenders to fate is safe from sorrow. So I need to surrender to fate,” he said.
Thomas looked up from the window at the fragmented clouds. A book by a theologian in America came to his mind. The book’s author was a lady.

Lady: “I researched all religions, belief systems in the world. If a calamity befalls us, know that God loves you. Always pray like this: ‘Not mine, let yours be done’,” she had said.

“Let yours be done,” said Thomas.

“Ah,” he said.

“Not ah, I should say forgiveness,” he said inside.

He heard a tick tick sound.

It was Stork Lucky tapping the window.

Stork Lucky told Thomas what he experienced. Thomas also told Stork Lucky what he experienced.

”I’m not traveling,” said Thomas.

Stork Lucky: “Perhaps some roads are silent. You travel a lot but can’t notice. Like sea journey... Ship travels on sea but everywhere is water. Do you go over blue waves? Or stop? You can’t know. Yet you’ve traveled quite a bit on the water,” he said.

“Really?” said Thomas.

“What will happen to David?” asked Thomas.

Stork Lucky: “Your mom, dad are with him, you’re on duty. As you know, every week, everywhere pandemic. And most importantly, any moment could be the hereafter journey. You’re a traveler. A traveler should think about where he’s going, right?” he asked.

“You’re right,” said Thomas.

They fell silent...

Everything that starts ends.

The rising Sun sets. Everything new gets old.

Stork Lucky got sick. Stork Lucky's head hurt.

Stork Lucky was tired from constant traveling. One reality of the world is also parting...

A few days after getting sick, Lucky died.
Just like leaves falling to the ground in October, like a leaf separating from the branch, he left us.

Thomas was left alone.

This must be the reality.

We understand the value of existing precious things better when we're alone. Neither Barbara nor Mary was there. Thomas couldn't get news from either.

He looked at the fragmented clouds from his window. The world's reality: Darkness, light intertwined; life, death back to back. And like migrant birds unable to migrate, "I stayed here like a bird with broken wing," he said.

Who would understand his troubles?

Despite saying "Peace, peace" to the struggles in his mind, the struggles he lived in his inner world. He was like a man watching waves crash on rocks in the dark.

The sound of waves crashing on rocks he heard.

How long would this watching continue?

This situation would only tire his eyes.

These thoughts would make him weary.

The word came to his mind "Leave things that cause sorrow and fear, take clean and trust-giving ones."

"I should take clean and trust-giving ones. Leave sorrow and fear-giving ones. Inshallah I leave sorrow and fear-giving ones in my mind too," he said.